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COMFORT

THE KEY TO A MILLION AND A QUARTER HOMES

NEW YORK

AUGUSTA, MAINE.

BOSTON

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PRIZE STORIES.

The following conditions govern the awarding of cash prizes for Nutshell Stories, and the manuscripts of such writers only as have complied with all these requirements will receive consideration.

All the necessary particulars being here clearly set forth, it will be useless for anyone to seek further information or personal favors by addressing the editor, as such letters cannot be answered.

1. Only persons who are regular paid up yearly subscribers to "Comfort" and who send with every manuscript at least two yearly subscribers (together with 50 cents to pay for each subscriber so sent) may compete for the prizes.

2. All contributions must have the number of words they contain plainly noted thereon, in addition to the writer's full name and address with name de plume if desired; must be written on one side of the paper only, enclosed in the same envelope as the letter and remittance for new subscriptions, and addressed to EDITOR NUTSHELL STORY CLUB care of COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

3. All stories must be strictly original with the contributors, and must not have appeared in print before. Competitors may write upon any subject, whether based upon fact, fancy or fiction—of adventure, love, war, peace; of city or country life, or of experiences on land or sea—but no story must contain more than 2,000 or less than 1,000 words.

4. NO MANUSCRIPT WILL BE RETURNED UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES AND COMPETITORS SHOULD THEREFORE RETAIN COPIES OF WHAT THEY SEND.

5. From \$5 to \$20 will be paid for stories, and remittances will be sent by check as soon as awards have been made.

No premiums will be given for subscriptions sent in under this Short Story Prize Offer.

The Publishers of "Comfort" reserve the right to purchase at their established rates any stories submitted under the foregoing offer, which failed to secure a prize.

6. Writers who hear nothing of their manuscript may at the end of 90 days after submitting them to "Comfort" feel at liberty to offer their stories for sale elsewhere.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR JANUARY.

Bourdon Wilson, First Prize.
Mary R. P. Hatch, Second Prize.
Sarah E. Gannett, Third Prize.
Frederick E. Burnham, Fourth Prize.
A. M. Barnes, Fifth Prize.

A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY BOURDON WILSON.

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LET any man follow railroading as long as Tom Walters has and he, too, will have strange experiences to tell about. Tom is a truthful fellow and I am going to tell this story just as he told it to me. He was a messenger in the employ of the Wells & Fargo Express Company, and had been running out of San Francisco for a number of years when he received a note one morning, requesting him to call on the Superintendent at his office. Wondering what was wanted, he went to the office and was promptly admitted to the presence of his superior.

"Ah, Walters!" exclaimed the Superintendent, spinning his chair around and omitting the formality of a salutation, "you are just the man I was expecting. I wanted to see you to tell you that I have decided to transfer you to the A. & P. There is something radically wrong down there, just what and where I am unable to say; but for the past month packages of money have been disappearing from the cars from right under the messengers' noses, if they tell the truth, and we have not been able to trace the thefts to any one. It's all very mysterious and I have concluded to end it by making a clean sweep of the men there, putting in men of known integrity and nerve. You must start to-day and I wish I could tell you just what in particular to guard against, but I cannot; so all I will say is, permit no one to enter your car and remember that 'eternal vigilance is the price of success'."

An order issued by Wells & Fargo's officials is as unalterable as were the laws of the Medes and Persians, therefore Tom's preference as to going or staying where he was would have cut no figure whatever, so he did not express it. Having obtained all the information the Superintendent could give him he said good-by and started that night for The Needles, the western end of his new run.

From The Needles the A. & P. railroad stretches eastward eight hundred miles across Arizona to Albuquerque in New Mexico, traversing a barren region that is criss-crossed by mountain ranges, canyons and lava beds; uninhabited now for the greater part, but once the home of that mysterious, vanished people, the cave dwellers. Just the country one would expect to find filled with train robbers and outlaws of every other description.

Tom arrived at The Needles in due time and at once took out a run. It had never been demonstrated that he had a nervous system but when he reached Albuquerque he was, to draw it mildly, a little shaky. Determined that nothing should be stolen from him he had remained awake throughout the twenty-four

hours consumed by the run, and that in connection with the strain entailed by watching for something, he knew not what, had told on his nerves. However, his freight and money checked out right and a night's sound sleep steadied him again. His return trip to The Needles was without incident and nothing going wrong during his next run to Albuquerque and return, he began to think that the loss of the packages was to be attributed to dishonesty on the part of some of the discharged men. So what was his astonishment upon arriving at Albuquerque on his next run, to discover that package containing a small sum of money was missing.

In no way could he account for the loss. He had slept during a part of the preceding night, as he had full right to do, he remembered, but the doors of his car were locked and barred and he was sure no one had entered. Why did the thief take a package containing so small a sum when there were others with large amounts, he wondered. And why did he take just one when there were several? Cudgel his brain as he would he could evolve no plausible theory. He made the usual report for missing articles and then wrote the Superintendent a letter, detailing most minutely his every action during the trip.

Feeling that the loss of the package reflected upon his watchfulness and zeal, if not his honesty, Tom determined to sleep no more while on the road. He made the return trip to The Needles without accident, but when he again arrived in Albuquerque it was to find that another package had been stolen. He could hardly believe the evidence of his senses. He had remained awake throughout the run, and was positive that no one had entered his car. Bewildered and greatly mortified, he telegraphed the account of this loss to the Superintendent. In a short while he received in reply a telegram that seemed to point to a solution of the mystery. It was brief and read:

"Don't lose your grip. Examine boxes and other freight large enough to hold a man."

Why had not he thought of that before? he asked himself, feeling that he deserved a kick for his stupidity. Opening his freight book he ran his finger down the list of articles he had handled on the trip and stopped at the entry of a box weighing two hundred pounds which he had taken on at a station called Flagstaff. The box was consigned to the Smithsonian Institute, he noticed, but without a thought as to what that Institute might be. Turning to a list of the run preceding he was scarcely surprised to find that it also contained the entry of a heavy box, shipped from Flagstaff. It was all easy enough to understand now, he thought; he was being systematically victimized by a band of thieves, one of whom would be put in a box and shipped by his confederates; and he, watching his opportunity, would steal out on his thievish errand, then return to his box. It was no new trick and Tom berated himself soundly for not having seen through it sooner.

Promising himself to catch the thief and land him in the penitentiary if he tried the game again, he closed his book; and when he returned to The Needles, he was the most wide awake man on the road. When it came his turn to take again the run to Albuquerque, he felt no anxiety until his train drew up at Flagstaff, and then his eyes were instantly riveted upon a large box that was being brought to his car. He saw at a glance that it bore the Wells & Fargo label, and that it was addressed to the Smithsonian Institute.

"What's in that box?" he asked the man who had it in charge.

"Give it up," the other replied. "There's a queer lot o' fellers claimin' to be professors o' some kind diggin' 'round in the old Indian caves back here in the mountains, and whatever it is they're findin' they've been shippin' back East. They say it's Indian bones and such truck, but I don't swallow that—too many bones back East for 'em to practice on, and fresh ones at that. Goin' by what they said, this box is full o' mummies, dried Indians, you know."

Tom asked nothing farther; he had no doubt as to there being a man in the box, a living man, and he did not want him to suspect that his presence there was known. Calling the other man into the car, with his assistance, he lifted the box to the top of a pile of freight where the thief would find it difficult to get out without making a noise. "Mummy!" he thought, smiling grimly. "I'll make a genuine mummy of him if he doesn't surrender when he comes out of that box."

When the train started he drew his chair into a dark corner of the car where he could not be seen from the box, and with his shot gun across his knees, sat watching as intently as ever a cat watched for a mouse. Every noise however faint smote harshly on his excited nerves, and more than once he raised his gun only to find no cause for alarm. Slowly the hours dragged by; midnight came, then two o'clock, and beginning to think that the thief did not mean to come out, Tom lowered his gaze from the box to the floor. How long he sat thus he could only conjecture, for minutes seemed hours; finally a faint, grating noise attracted his attention, and raising his eyes he was startled to see the top of the box slowly rising. Higher and higher it went until the

box stood wide open, and a dim figure within it began moving about. Now a face appeared above the edge, a shrunken face upon which the yellow skin was shriveled and drawn, hideously distorting the features almost beyond resemblance to anything human—the face of a mummy.

Fascinated by the horrid sight, Tom sat still, gazing with protruding eyes. The repulsive thing slowly crawled out of the box, and down to the floor; then another followed that one, and another and another until half a dozen or more stood in the car, their sightless eyes turned upon Tom. Now they started toward him, and terrified, he tried to raise his gun, but his muscles refused to act; nearer and nearer they crept, their dry skins crackling and rattling as they moved. They panted, then as one, sprang upon him. A piercing shriek burst his lips, and leaping to his feet, he awoke. Awoke to find his car turning over and over down an embankment, and parcels of every description, the splintered box, and a select assortment of Indian mummies filling the air and falling over him.

Tom escaped without bodily injury, but to this day he has not been able to decide from which his nerves received the greatest strain; the wrecking of the car, his dream, or his discovery in a wall of the shattered car of a rat's nest composed of bits of paper, mainly banknotes. He is a Superintendent himself now, and he attributes his promotion largely to his having found that nest.

THE UNFINISHED HOUSE.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY MARY R. P. HATCH.

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WAS taking a bicycle trip through a portion of the Connecticut river valley when, attracted by a pretty wood-skirted path, I branched off from the main road and into a narrow lane, following it until it ended in a pasture which was girdled by a stone wall and a set of four rudely hewn bars. Chagrined at this prosaic ending of my sylvan ride, I dismounted and was about to return the why I came, when, at a little distance, in what must have once been a cultivated field, I saw the ruins of a somewhat pretentious mansion. Surprised at its appearance here, far from the abodes of men and indeed shut off from the highway by pasture and woodland, I decided to go farther with a view to investigation.

To my surprise I found it to be a building which had been allowed to go to ruin before its completion. Half a century, at least, must have left its moss, ruin and rot to work its evil will on walls and casements, on floors and doorways. The ell had never been built, for a cellar, out of which grew poplar trees twenty feet high, yawned at the side of the square, finely modelled main part. Groups of maples and poplars of great size guarded the entrance and indeed, I was insensibly reminded of the enchanted palace where the sleeping Beauty lay waiting the coming of the Prince to awaken and marry her.

Smiling at my fancy, I decided to effect an entrance and ascertain whether the interior justified the romantic surrounding. I pushed on the door but the hinges were rusty and the old-fashioned latch would not lift. Setting my knee determinedly against the door, I gave a sudden lurch and it opened with so much force as to throw me heavily to the floor where I lay gasping with fear and horror. What was the cause I did not at the moment seek to realize. I was not hurt by my fall but from the moment the atmosphere of the ruined dwelling met me, I was overpowered with a subtle sense of distress and terror. There was something which I had never realized before, and, trembling and shaking in every limb, I arose to my feet and looked vaguely about me.

I appeared to have entered the long, low living room, or hall, which is a feature of the old-time dwellings of the better sort. An immense fireplace held sway at one side. On two sides there were the windowless apertures, only one of which was framed; on the fourth side were doorways to other portions of the house. Bare, bleak and uninviting as was the aspect of the room there was yet no sense of loneliness. On the contrary it seemed to be crowded with unseen forces surcharged with emotion of the most intense and harrowing kind. It was something like the spell that falls upon a large gathering of people when the stirring report of a battle is read. The hearts of the hearers beat as one, a picture of the battlefield with its smoke and grime and death-cries and rattle of musketry and yells of the fiercely charging shot is before each, and a pall as of black distress settles down for the moment over the vast crowd, until, with a sense of suffocation, a rush is made for the door.

So did I feel suffocated in this bare, bleak room; so did waves of horror, sympathy and distress beat upon my heart, compelling me to a realization of some incident of woe which I had not witnessed but which the unseen participants blazed into my very being. What it was I could not tell, but of one thing I was convinced. It was this: that, curious as the statement may seem to the reader, a direful tragedy had occurred some time in this house, probably in this very room. It was with difficulty that I at last succeeded in shaking off the spell which had seized me. I had my photographer's outfit with me. It was late in the afternoon, the sun was nearly down. I decided to have a picture of this weird, uncanny apartment, for my collection, and ride over from the hotel in the morning to take a photograph of the exterior. It would need a long exposure but this would insure a fine picture. I arranged the focus and carefully slipped in a plate just as the sun went down. It was so placed that a view of the fireplace and open doorway at the end would be produced.

As I worked, the feeling of horror let go its clutch on me somewhat and when ready to depart, I was quite restored to my usual equanimity but still that sense of not being alone was with me.

Closing the door carefully after me at length, I mounted my wheel and rode away, leaving inside the camera pointing duly yet mysteriously at the old fireplace as if its modern, up-to-date character were already changing into something in keeping with the room.

I did not speak of my adventure to any one at the hotel, though the landlord was a garrulous fellow who would, no doubt, have been glad to tell me all he knew about the old place; but I had no time that night for gossip as my weekly article for the Sunday Globe was overdue and must be written. Accordingly I wrote in my room until bedtime.

The next morning I rode over to the ruins and entered without experiencing the feelings of the previous visit in all their intensity. Still there was yet wafted to my senses on the moment of my entrance, that mysterious sense of occupancy, of another presence in the bare, grim, apartment.

Packing up my camera, after extracting the plates, I then took another look at the house, visiting the cellar, even, and the remote chambers. A thin flooring was laid and in the room directly over the living room, I observed in time to escape a severe fall, a broken board. Moved by curiosity I touched it lightly with my heel and found that sufficient pressure would precipitate one to the room below. I have said that I touched it with my heel. This you will readily believe, but not my next statement which I offer tentatively, *sotospic*, for I could at the time scarcely believe the evidence of my own senses, and at this remote sense of time, almost doubt its reality. But I heard it, yes, I am sure that I heard it, whatever may have been the possible disturbed state

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of my feelings at the time. I heard a deep, prolonged wail of agony ring out in that silent house which seemed to penetrate every part of the room. I felt my hair lift with horror. I stepped back affrighted, as if pushed to place by some invisible hand, and, giving one glance backward at the jagged broken board, I went down the unsteady and creaking stairs with more precipitation than was consonant with entire safety. All roads led to the living room. I turned my steps toward it and as if led by some unseen guidance went directly to the point which lay under the broken board, and which now for the first time I noticed in its relation to this room.

And then I glanced downward to the floor and again I saw something which had hitherto escaped my attention. It was a dark, deep stain on the floor, and the stain *looked like blood*.

At the sight there was that same curdling of the blood, the same lifting of the hair and again, or did I fancy it, the same wail of anguish which I had heard in the upper room.

I did not stop for further investigation. I had supped my fill of horrors. I rushed to the door, and taking my camera, mounted my wheel and rode away as if legions of demons were in pursuit. Strange ending of a bright morning in prosaic New England.

Before I reached the hotel I began to grow skeptical and to believe there were natural causes for the mysterious sights and sounds of the old house. A loosened casement swaying in the wind, a smear of paint on the floor might explain these, and my own susceptibility to supernatural fears to the hot biscuits, mince pies and doughnuts which largely made up the bill of fare at the hotel. So I was already returned to my usual equanimity and went immediately to my room to develop several plates, which I had on hand. These were soon dispatched and then came the last one taken. One glance at it and I looked about me dazed and uncertain. Was this the picture, the one with the old white haired, scholarly-looking man peering from the doorway at some object on the floor? It looked like a heap of drapery with something round and white at one end. Hastily drawing my microscope from my pocket I laid it over the spot and there lay exposed the white, still face of a woman. She was young, yes, and beautiful, and she lay there as if quite dead.

What tragedy was this and when had it taken place? Was it last night when my camera lay in wait to treasure up the secrets of that horrible room? Who could tell? Certainly not I.

Then, impelled by an eager fascination to see all my camera had revealed, I studied the old man's face. It was diabolical under the microscope and the patriarchal hair and beard but intensified the baleful look of the glaring eyes turned toward the prostrate figure, while the outstretched hands, with clawlike fingers, and bent form, lent to it a demoniac aspect. That the picture was a true representation I could not doubt. The plate had not been previously exposed and there was but one way to account for the picture. It was, it must be, a representation of what had actually taken place in that room. I decided to make inquiries regarding the ruined house in hopes to hear something which might throw light on the subject.

The first person I encountered on going down stairs was an old man who "done chores for his board" as the landlady had already informed me. Casually remarking that I had visited the old house in the fields his face lighted up with interest.

"I wanta know," he said. "Wall, times has changed some sence Dr. Talbot set out to build that ere house."

"Why was it never finished?" I asked.

"Wall, that's somethin' that don't nobuddy really know. Some says his money gin out and some says his niece bein' killed there sorter gin 'im a shock he couldn't git over in a hurry."

"Niece killed?" I repeated, galvanized to the most intense interest.

"Yes; you see she was turrible rich an' he was to have her money 'cordin' to the will dockyments, if she died unmarried or before she was twenty-one. Dr. Talbot was rich himself, had hundreds of acres of wild land but folks said his fingers got to itchin' after his niece's money. There was talk all along an' when she was killed there in the house after she'd rode over with the doctor to see it, naturally there was a lot more talk. The doctor was took up an' examined, but Lor'! they couldn't find nothin' agin him! Most like it was as he said. She stepped on a board that was cracked clear across it and fell through. There was them that said the fall never killed her and there was a turrible big bruise on her head as if she'd ben struck. But then again the doctor said she struck on her head when she fell. Wall, nobuddy knows to this day but anyway, Dr. Talbot, he never finished the house and he died the very year follerin'."

"Did the doctor have a family?"

"Yes, he did; six childun, four boys an' two girls, and that, to my mind's the strangest part on't."

"I don't understand," I at length replied, for the old man had picked up a straw from a crack and was slowly chewing it, evidently lost to all but his own reflection.

CHILD WIVES.

THE PATHETIC PICTURE DICKENS DREW.

Of all the characters evolved from the master mind of Charles Dickens, there is perhaps none which can rival in its pathetic interest, that of Dora, the "Little Blossom." She found the wedding ring grow too heavy for her little hand, and in spite of the lavishness of a husband's love, she faded away just like some sweet blossom nipped by untimely frost.

The pathos of the child-wife's history reaches its climax in that last interview with her husband. David sits on the bed side, and thus the story is told:

"She looks into my eyes and speaks very softly, 'I am afraid dear I was too young. I don't mean by years only, but in experience and thoughts and everything. I was such a silly little creature. I have begun to think I was not fit to be a wife.'

"I try to stay my tears and to reply, 'Oh, Dora, love, as fit as I to be a husband.'"

"I don't know," with the old shake of the



curls, "Perhaps! But if I had been more fit to be married I might have made you more so too. I was very happy, very, but as the years went on my dear boy would have wearied of his child-wife. She would have been less and less a companion to him. I know I was too young and foolish. It is much better as it is."

Poor little Dora! The sweet little blossom faded and fell. But how many women wake up to a realization of the burden of marriage, crying with Dora, "I was not fit to be a wife," and live on through years of misery and suffering.

UNFITNESS FOR MARRIAGE

is the cause of much of the unhappiness which is so frequently ventilated in the divorce courts. The young woman, knowing nothing of physical disabilities enters into the marriage obligation to wake from her dream of love and happiness, to a realization of possibilities of suffering hitherto unknown.

"About ten years ago I was married and three months later I became miserable, but I did not know what was the matter with me," writes Mrs. John Hemmis, of Munson Station, Pa. "I was so sick and nervous, was not able to do any work at all; had to hire it all done. My husband's mother had been using your remedies, and one day she came over to see me and brought some of your 'Favorite Prescription' with her, and she said, 'Take that medicine—I know it will help you.' I took it and it did help me and I got better of the bad feelings that I had before I commenced taking it; was soon able to do my work myself. I took the medicine right along till after confinement, and I can safely say that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is better than all the other doctors' medicine put together. Now I am happy and well and the people who saw me before when I was sick and see me now have said—'How well you look,' and they ask me what I got to make me so well. I quickly tell them what made me better. It used to be before I used your medicine that every month I had severe pains and then the hemorrhage would stop and in a day or two come back again, and so on for a week at a time, and I would have to lie in bed, but now that is all over. I can go ahead with my work as if nothing was the matter. I will ever be thankful to God and you for having such remedies to help poor suffering invalids like I was myself."

THE YOUNG WIFE'S DANGER

commonly grows out of neglect of conditions which seem to her trivial. But every variation from the normal, in the womanly functions is a prophesy of evil to come. Irregularity in the girl is often the beginning of a deranged condition, which in wifehood opens the way to serious disease. Inflammation comes and ulceration to be followed by that condition of general disease known as "female weakness." No woman is fit to be married in whom the womanly function is not regular and healthful. The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription insures this regularity and more than all, gives positive strength and vigor to the womanly organs.

"I wrote you for advice February 4th, 1896," writes Mrs. Loma Haistead, of Claremore, Cherokee Nat., Ind. Ty. "I was racking with pain from the back of my head down to my heels. Had hemorrhage for weeks at a time,

and was unable to sit up for ten minutes at a time. You answered my letter, advised me to use your valuable medicines, viz., Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' also gave advice about injections, baths and diet. To my surprise, in four months from the time I began your treatment I was a well woman and have not had the backache since, and now I put in sixteen hours a day at hard work."

WHY DO WOMEN WAIT

when they discover the first symptoms of the diseases peculiar to their sex? The question is not hard to answer. Women wait because they dread to face the unpleasant questions, the indelicate examinations, and the obnoxious local treatment which their friends have undergone at the hands of some local physician. Woman's modesty is affronted by these things, and disease is allowed to go unchecked. Dr. Pierce has earned the undying gratitude of thousands of women who have taken advantage of his offer of *free* consultation by letter, and have been treated and cured as was Mrs. Halstead, without having to submit to questions, examinations and local treatments, offensive to every modest minded woman, and only submitted to when there seems no other way of escape.

If after undergoing all the mental martyrdom attending on such treatment, the suffering woman could be sure of a cure, it would be some consolation to her outraged feelings. But the average local practitioner can make no allowance for the differences in women. He treats them all alike, strong and weak, and makes no allowance for the delicately constructed woman, whose fine organization revolts at the crudity of his methods. The use of "Favorite Prescription" and Dr. Pierce's treatment have resulted in cures where physicians and surgeons have been entirely baffled and helpless.

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Sick women suffering from chronic ailments are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, *free* of charge. All letters are read and answered in private, and their contents are held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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A WOMAN'S FRIEND.

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"Hey? What say?" he asked, as I repeated my question.

"Wall, about them childun, the doctor was rich when he died but his widder and them childun run through the whole property in less than two year. Fack! Mis' Talbot died at the county farm. Lucia is there now (room's all fixed up first rate with canaries and fancy work, they say. The overseer is real good to her. I'm thinkin' of goin' there pretty soon). An' Adelaide (she's dreadful han'som') turned out bad an' has gone, nobuddy knows where. Bill, he's in the Soldier's Home, Confeld is on the town down to Morway. Put (his hull name is Putnam) is a mean scalliwag of a tramp, comes round oncet in a while. He won't work and he ain't above baigin'. Mis' Dean is here to the tarvern han's him out cold victuals, I've seen her. Wall, I guess Mis' Dean is gettin' pretty riled by this time about her firewood," and the old man trudged off with bowed back and his arm full of wood.

I shall add no comments to the story as told by the camera and the old man. If there is a supernatural element, why then the matter is cleared up. If not, I see no explanation. In either case, it overflows with mystery.

SUSANNAH.

A Story of the Fort Hammond Massacre of 1675.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY SARAH E. GANNETT.

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USANNAH! Susanah! Drat the girl! Where has she gone now? She is more like a parched pea than ever in her movements this morning. Here I am with my hands in the butter, the cruller fat's like to be in the fire, and those pies are burning in the oven, I'm positive," and good Dame Hammond hastily freed her hands from the butter she was working, snatched the skillet of fat from the fire and set it to one side in the ashes, then seized the long

handled shovel and reached far into the depths of the big brick oven for the scorching pies. She was just setting the last one on the white kitchen table when Susannah appeared "in the doorway.

"My patience, wench!" exclaimed the good lady. "Is it fools' holiday with you to-day that you do so neglect the work? Shame upon you for a runaway that you are, and me with more than I can possibly do with one pair of hands at my call."

"I crave your pardon, mistress," replied the young girl, gently. "I did but go to the brow of the cliff to look for Indians. My mind misgives me sorely but they are lurking about here; and I much fear they intend to fall upon us as soon as night be come."

"And pray, what reason have you for thinking thus darkly of the Indians to-day? We have never had trouble from them, and they ever seem friendly. Why are you so uneasy? Have you seen aught awry?"

"Naught but little things. Rover sniffs suspiciously about and barks at the underbrush; the cattle are uneasy, and toss their heads and low; the horses will not stay in the lower pasture and feed, but are huddled together in this end of the paddock with their necks stretched toward us over the stone wall. I wish the men were home from the fields, and I wish you would let me call the children within in the stockade and close the gate."

"Nonsense, Susannah! Why do you worry so much about the Indians? They are perfectly inoffensive. They are fond of us, I tell you, girl, and wouldn't hurt one of us."

"I do not feel so sure of that, indeed I do not. Only a few weeks ago I heard Mr. Davis say that the Indians think Mr. Hammond cheats them in trade, and does not give them a fair bargain for their furs; and they have threatened to be revenged upon him," and the tears stood in the eyes of the young girl.

"Say you so? Why have I never heard of this?"

"I did not like to give you the ill news unless there was really cause for anxiety; but I have watched, oh, I have watched so closely by day and by night! Please let me call the children in and fasten the gate."

Mrs. Hammond did not answer at once, but stepped to the door, shaded and protected by the protruding upper story of the house, and gazed about at the distant woods and the blue Kennebec flashing and glittering in the August sun, and spreading wide, above the Narrows, into Merrymeeting Bay. A movement on the further shore startled her, and she hastily stepped without the stockade to look for the children. They were not to be seen, but Susannah ran lightly down the cliff side to the water's edge, and soon reappeared carrying a little girl of three years while two other children clung to her skirts and impeded her movements as she climbed. Mrs. Hammond half laughed as she nervously caught her baby to her breast and kissed her.

"See how you have frightened me, foolish girl. I thought I saw Indians on the western bluff there, but it was naught save the bushes moving in the wind. However, we will be on the safe side and take the children within. I fear me they like it not, though," she added, as all three began to whimper at being taken away from their delightful play.

"Now, Susannah," she continued, as the gate was made fast, "we must make up for lost time. The oven must be heated again for bread, the crullers must be fried, dinner is to get and clear away, and all that flax must be spun before dark," and the two women went to work with a will; the only sounds heard for some time being the rattle of dishes and the clatter of their stout shoes on the puncheon floor. But after dinner, as they busied themselves at their flax wheels in the wide, cool upper room, while the children played quietly in one corner, their anxious looks would stray over fields, woods and river, and they talked together in low tones of their suspicions.

"Indeed, I wish the men were home!" at last

exclaimed Susannah. "Where are they this afternoon, Mrs. Hammond?"

"I heard Mr. Hammond say, at noon, that he and Francis Card and son Herediah would be at the mill, grinding. James and Samuel are with John Dean in the blacksmith shop, and the other four men are in the fields at work. They'll be tired enough when they get home, for the sun is hot to-day."

The long summer afternoon wore slowly on, and sunset found the family of sixteen souls all at home in the fortified house; the animals and fowls fed and fastened securely in their sheds inside the stockade, the children in their beds, and the older people weary and longing to follow them. To all the fears and pleadings of Mrs. Hammond and Susannah the men gave scant attention.

"Nonsense, girl!" cried Mr. Hammond; "The Indians mean no harm to us. They are cowards—the Indians around here. They dare not attack us, even were they disposed to do so. But they have no such wish. They know too well on which side their bread is buttered."

"But Mr. Davis told me that they think you cheat them in buying their furs, and they are angry and mean to be revenged."

"Oh, fudge! Don't believe all you hear. Davis was always tale-bearer and scandalmonger, and this time, as in many another, he has heard more than any one else."

"Well, Richard," said his wife, "I hope you are right, but I cannot feel safe to-night."

"I'm sorry, good wife, for your fears, but I am too tired to sit up to watch with you;" and, kicking off his shoes, the worthy farmer turned into his bedroom, and his deep snores soon told of his heavy sleep.

One by one the men followed his example, and soon only the two women and the oldest son of Mrs. Hammond by a former marriage, James Smith, were left in the kitchen. James was as tired as the others, but he would not leave the women to watch alone, although he did not believe the reports or share their anxiety. At last, he, too, succumbed to weariness, and lay like a log asleep on a settle.

About nine o'clock Susannah's fears so overcame her that she stole without the stockade to look about a little. As she stood in the shadow of the gate peering around she was violently startled at the sight of three Indians coming towards her, while two or three others hovered in the distance. The leader spoke to her, and she recognized him as one who frequently traded with Mr. Hammond.

"What for young squaw frightened? Me no hurt. Me good Indian. Me Tasset. Young squaw know me. Me come to trade skins; see?" and he pointed to the packs they carried. "We walk long way—just come. We sleep here—to-morrow we trade; see? No be frightened." And he led her gently to the gate, which she had left ajar, and shut her in.

Mrs. Hammond was so far reassured by Susannah's story of her talk with Tasset, added to the confidence of the men, that she concluded they had been too easily frightened and both she and James went to bed. Susannah, too, went upstairs, but she could not sleep and often rose and crept to the window; and her suspicions grew as she noted more and more dusky forms in the distance.

At last she could bear it no longer. It was of no use to arouse the family, they would not believe her; so she crept softly downstairs and out of the house. She could at least fly to Sheepsot for help if they were attacked, and also save the Sheepsot colony from a like fate by putting them on their guard. As she opened the gate she shivered with dread of what might be behind it, but no one stopped her, so she slipped through, shut it—thereby shutting herself out of the safe shelter of the fort, for the latch-string was drawn inside—and sped swiftly to a field of tall corn near by, in which she concealed herself, and waited, trembling.

From her hiding-place she could see the dusky forms gathering in the darkness and surrounding the stockade. More and more of them appeared and at last she saw them setting up tree trunks against the stockade, over which they scrambled to the top of the wall, and one by one they silently dropped inside.

Soon sounds of blows, of screams and of scuffling came to her ears and she turned and ran. Through the cornfield, down the hill, over rocks and briars she sped—now splashing through the brook, now striking against trees in the darkness, now tripping against a stone she stumbled and fell, bruising herself badly, but she could not stop for those terrible screams rang in her ears, and the thought that all whom she had dear were dying—murdered by the cruel savages—spurred her on. Often she thought she heard the Indians behind her and the fear of falling alive into their hands was too dreadful to contemplate for a moment. So, although her strength was almost gone she kept on, scratched, bruised, breathless and bleeding; and just as day was breaking she dropped, almost senseless, at the door of Jabez Stinson at Sheepsot River, and gasped out her terrible story. Warned by her the settlers quickly armed themselves to resist an attack, but none came.

At the fort the Indians, who were of the Kennebec tribe and not so fierce and bloodthirsty as other tribes in the vicinity, contented themselves with killing only the two men against whom they had a grudge—Richard Hammond and Samuel Smith. The others they took captive, rifled the house, fired it with all the surrounding buildings and departed. Part of them remained with the captives and conducted them to their wigwams up the river, while the remainder went south to Arrowic Island, where they continued the work of pillaging and destruction.

On the way up the river, one rainy night, Francis Card escaped in the darkness, made his way to Boston and told there the story of the massacre and the pillage and destruction of the fort. Of only one of the household, Susannah, could he give no account. The last seen of her by any one was when she climbed the ladder to her sleeping room, three hours before the Indians burst in upon them. He said to the Governor that Susannah had been sure all day that the Indians would attack them that night and that she must have stolen downstairs and outside the stockade to watch after all the family were asleep, and been killed by the Indians to prevent her giving the alarm to those inside the fort. She had been out once during the evening for the purpose, and the devils sent her back indoors then with fair and gentle words.

Nearly a year passed by and June had spread the land with her fairest flowers, when a little company of ragged, sunburned pilgrims might have been seen making their way into Boston. Footsore they were and weary, but their faces shone and their eyes sparkled with the joy of freedom. At their head walked Mrs. Ham-

mond, bearing in her hand a letter—illiterately written and expressed—from the Indian chiefs to the Governor of Boston, freely surrendering unharmed, the twenty prisoners accompanying it, but setting forth, in a pathetic way, the wrongs and deprivations to which they themselves had been subjected by the whites.

Out upon the streets of Boston poured its people, eager to welcome the returning captives; and foremost among them, with outstretched hands and joyous words, were Francis Card and Susannah—his newly married wife—whom he had found in the home of the Sheepsot farmer, Jabez Stinson, and had wooed and won during the past winter.

COLONEL AND VOLUNTEER.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY F. E. BURNHAM.

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ISKE was one of a company of volunteers that went to the front when the war with Spain began. His company left home one morning in June, followed by the prayers and good wishes of fathers and mothers, sweethearts and wives. Every man of them was brave after the tears and handshakings were over and they were fairly off; every man was eager to smell the smoke of battle and help avenge the destruction of the Maine.

The spiteful hiss of a mauser bullet and the smoke from the first

skirmish changed all this, and more than one wished to himself, if he did not wish openly, that the hills of Vermont were nearer, and the dusty roads of Cuba removed to the other end of the Universe.

Fiske stepped into the colonel's tent one evening after a slight engagement with the enemy; he was pale and his voice trembled, though he strove desperately to control it.

"Pretty sharp fight, this, Colonel!" said Fiske, shifting uneasily from foot to foot.

The colonel glanced up from his writing.

"Salute!"

"O, I forgot, Colonel."

"You don't want to forget. Salute!"

Fiske obeyed, saluting with precision that would have done credit to a West Pointer.

"I say, Colonel, it was a sharp fight!"

"Do you call that a fight?" replied the colonel, contemptuously, "that was only a skirmish. Were you scared?"

"No, not scared, but—"

"Nervous, eh?" suggested the colonel. "It's too bad your mother isn't here to chirp you up."

Fiske flushed hotly, but did not reply. Instead, he strode angrily out of the tent. He was furious. At home the colonel was a different man, one to whom he could freely talk—a neighbor. Now all was changed. The colonel was all importance and his seeming arrogance was unbearable. A short distance from the colonel's tent Fiske met several men from his company.

"Swallowed a ramrod, Bert?" asked one, noting Fiske's erect carriage.

"No," replied Fiske, "but I guess the colonel has. When he was getting us together, it was Mr. Jones and Mr. Fiske and Mr. Somebody Else; now it's—Salute!"

"Don't mind, Bert," said one of the men, good naturally, "when it comes to the scratch there won't be any saluting; it'll be each man for himself and bullets for the sneaking Spaniards. There's going to be a battle soon, and somebody is going to get hurt."

"That's just what I think," said Fiske, his voice dropping, "it's mighty lonesome way down here, boys."

The men understood, but there was not one among them to suggest what the colonel suggested. Perhaps some of them were in Fiske's frame of mind.

"Here's a letter for you, Fiske," said the mailcarrier as Fiske passed on his way to his own tent.

Fiske's eyes lighted up as he noted the back of the envelope. It was from home, one he had been expecting for several days, and he hastened to his tent.

The letter:

"MY DEAR SON:—Here at home we are watching the movements of the army with the interest which only those who have sons and husbands at the front can understand. You are far from here, many hundred miles, but the same love that cared for you at home surrounds you while on the battlefield.

"It is a terrible thing, this war, taking each others' lives, but duty demands that some one shall go to war, and you have gone. Be brave, my son, even as we have faith that you are brave."

"Sophie says that you will be the last one to fear of all those who went from here. She reminds me of the time you risked your life on the lake and saved the children."

"Your father adds a word, hoping that it will find you well and of good courage."

"MY BRAVE SON:—I wish I was down there with you; it would seem like old times. Some of the boys will be scared when they hear the whistle of the bullets, but don't you mind; follow the flag and know that the good wishes of everybody here follow you."

"Sock it to the yellow-jackets, Bert. Your loving father."

Fiske read the letter several times and then slipped it into his pocket. Somehow with the reading of the letter the fear that had fast been gaining possession of him departed and he felt that he could face a regiment of Spaniards armed with mauser rifles.

The following day there was a battle. Fiske was asleep when some one roughly shook him. "Get a hustle on, old boy, our company is about to start to the front to meet the enemy."

You've overslept, Bert."

In less time than it takes to tell it, Fiske had slipped on his shoes and strapped up his blanket and few belongings; a few moments later he had joined his comrades.

The fight was on in less than an hour. Bullets began to whistle and it was not long before some of the men began to drop, one here and one there, like stray leaves falling in the early autumn. Suddenly Fiske felt a sharp pain in his thigh and the next instant he was lying on his back. The company had swept onward with the rest of the regiment.

Presently Fiske looked about him. Others had fallen, too, among them an officer. Fiske dragged himself along the ground until he reached the side of the man. It was Colonel Brice.

"Tough fight, Colonel," said Fiske, raising himself on his elbow.

"You, Fiske?"

"Fiske it is," said the young man, saluting as well as he could under the circumstances.

"Yes, comrade," replied the Colonel, "this has been a fight."

For a few moments the Colonel wrote with a pencil on a bit of paper, now and then pausing to rest. Suddenly he stopped and turned to Fiske, who was trying to stop the flow of blood from his wound.

"Here, Fiske," said he, "keep this; I'm not going to be here long. I thought you were a coward, Fiske, but—but I was mistaken. Tell, well, tell—oh, I don't know, I guess I'll go to sleep."

This was the paper that Fiske brought home from war, the paper Colonel Brice had given him:

"Fiske is a hero. The wound in the back signifies no cowardice. The flag dropped and he stooped to raise it. He was shot while in the act. COLONEL J. N. BRICE."

"IN TILL"

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY A. M. BARNES.

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HAT conclusions, Palgrave?"

"None whatever, Pentwick. I have drifted even further out to sea."

"Well, we must find headlight somewhere. Read the slip again."

Palgrave picked up the slip of parchment, crumpled and partly soiled. It had been hurriedly torn from a sheet legal cap size, and presented quite an uneven appearance, the wider end

being about two inches in depth, the other no more than one. With a voice pitched unnecessarily high, Palgrave read the words on the slip:

"£17000 are in Till—"

Here it ended abruptly, even more so than Palgrave's thin voice, which broke into innumerable little dying quavers.

"He says there are £17000 in the till. That accounts for no more money being visible when his effects were gone through. Every man knows that Sirius Crabstone was a wealthy man."

"But we have searched the till."

"I know; and found nothing. But there may be a secret drawer, a false back, or something of that kind. Let us go again for a search."

They left the sitting-room, and descended to the lower or ground floor. Here, at one time, Sirius Crabstone had carried on quite an extensive cabinet business. He had been fond of the work; could make all kinds of rare, beautifully carved furniture, which was in much demand for the homes of the rich planters living up the Cooper and Ashley. He had made a fortune before he hardly knew it. Being more ardently a student than an artisan, he at length gave up his trade to buy himself in books, their delights having long allured him.

He had no kith or kin near him. The only relatives he was known to have were two nieces in an adjoining state. One of them had occasionally visited him. Except for the domestic who attended his wants, he lived entirely alone.

Sirius Crabstone had left his will duly signed and witnessed. There was no trouble about that; all was clear and to the point. Most of the furniture of his house and £2000 in the hands of a private party at interest he left to the Home of the Aged; his books, with some exceptions, to the Apprentices' Library. The balance of the money was to be equally divided between his two nieces, after one fourth had been deducted as a legacy for his old friends, Palgrave and Pentwick, ship-builders, who were named as executors of the will.

But where was the money?

He had written that it was "In Till—," meaning the till, or money-drawer, of course; seventeen thousand pounds of it. There it was plainly enough on the crumpled bit of parchment that had been found beside him when he died. He had evidently purposed to add more, but the stroke of death had fallen too quickly.

They had gone, of course, to the till in the old cabinet shop, for what other till could be meant? But though they had searched carefully and slowly, even taking the drawer out to look it over closely, not one pound could be found.

Again the executors had met and again they had come to search the till. This time they literally left nothing of it save chips and shavings. There were plenty of these, for the two worked hard and patiently, but not a vestige of money.

On the fifth day thereafter one of the nieces arrived, the one who had made him an occasional visit. When told of the matter her perplexity, too, was great. She thought long and deeply. Her face suddenly cleared, then shone radiantly. She knew her uncle's habits better than any one. What was puzzle to the others was no longer a puzzle to her.

"Oh, I have it now!" she cried. "Why didn't I think of it before?"

"What?" questioned Mr. Pentwick eagerly.

"Listen and I will tell you."

"Wonderful!" he exclaimed when she had

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finished. "It takes a woman every time," and he bowed profoundly to Miss Crabstone.

"Can it be possible?" cried Mr. Palgrave who was still in doubt. "It seems almost incredible!"

"Put it to the test and see," suggested Miss Crabstone, with a little gurgling laugh of the deepest enjoyment.

Suddenly Mr. Palgrave's face clouded.

"Consternation!" he cried, "why, it has been sold!"

"When? Where?" and Miss Crabstone started up in alarm.

"Why, do go at once," entreated Miss Crabstone, "and buy it back. Offer any price, any reasonable price, I mean."

"Don't be alarmed," assured Mr. Pentwick. "If it is there he will restore it, and at the price paid for it. The danger is that he has sold it to another."

Mr. O'Hara, the honest, genial Irishman, was in his Curiosity Shop. His wares, of all sizes, sorts and conditions, were piled from floor to ceiling. One point about Mr. O'Hara was that he never kept anything in order. How he ever found what was wanted was one of the mysteries known only to himself. But the people liked to go to his shop just to talk with him, even when they did not desire his wares, for he had much-lore on many subjects.

It was on the same evening of the interview that Mr. Palgrave, pale and flurried, appeared in the Curiosity Shop of Mr. O'Hara.

"Article 91, Lot 7967, what have you done with it, O'Hara?"

Mr. O'Hara's thin face showed surprise at the rather abrupt question. Then he took his fingers several times across the lids of his eyes.

"Article 91, Lot 7967," he repeated, and for once—wonderful to say—Mr. O'Hara remembered.

"Sold," he continued after a moment, "sold the day before yesterday to a gentleman from up the Santee."

"His name?" gasped Mr. Palgrave.

"His name?" repeated Mr. O'Hara, "his name?" "Why, I never thought to ask it. It was a cash transaction, you see. Fancy now, Palgrave, a merchant demanding of every chance customer his name!" and Mr. O'Hara looked duly aggrieved. "The only way I knew he was from up the Santee was from hearing him ask about the boat."

Mr. Palgrave rushed away in hot pursuit of the gentleman from up the Santee, never stopping to think that in Mr. O'Hara's hands rested the chief end of the thread of the clue, its beginning. For how was he to trace even the departure from the city of the gentleman from up the Santee without a description of said gentleman?

In two days, convinced of the folly of his mode of pursuit, he returned to Mr. O'Hara for the information he ought to have asked at first. This time with him came Mr. Pentwick.

"How did look?" repeated Mr. O'Hara. "Tall, dark, heavy-browed, stoop in the shoulder, and catch in voice; wore a dark brown suit, ruffled shirt front, black silk hat, and carried a cane with a griffin's head. But man alive!" broke off Mr. O'Hara, "what do you want to know all this for now when Article 91, Lot 7967 has been returned as unsatisfactory?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Palgrave blandly.

"And sold again," finished Mr. O'Hara serenely.

"What?" Mr. Palgrave almost leaped from the floor, while Mr. Pentwick fairly gasped.

"Yes, sold again; this morning, not much more than two hours ago. First party not satisfied; second party highly so."

"Heavens, man!" cried Mr. Palgrave, hopping about like a pea on a shovel, "when you had your hands on it again why didn't you keep it? I would have given you three—yes, five, ten times the amount you paid for it."

"Bother your money!" retorted Mr. O'Hara somewhat rudely. "If you wanted the thing why didn't you say so at first?"

"I thought I did."

"You didn't. You came and inquired about Article 91, Lot 7967, which you yourself sold me among others some seven or eight days before. When I told you it had been purchased, you asked name of purchaser which I couldn't give; whereupon you rushed away like a madman. If it were a re-purchase you had in view then why didn't you say so?"

"I thought my actions spoke it loud enough," declared Mr. Palgrave somewhat testily.

"Who was the last purchaser?" asked Mr. Pentwick. His head seemed to be the cooler of the two.

"A lady."

"A lady? Ha! well that is funny! Strange taste for a lady!" and Mr. Pentwick seemed on the point of fairly exploding.

"Describe her, Mr. O'Hara, please."

Mr. Pentwick spoke softly, soothingly, and Mr. O'Hara was appeased.

"Young, good-looking, dressed in gray, prominently arched nose, blue eyes, which were fairly aglow as she went away, for she seemed to think she had found a treasure."

"Miss Crabstone!" declared both Mr. Pentwick and Mr. Palgrave in a breath.

"Thank you, Mr. O'Hara," said Mr. Pentwick with a beaming smile. "It seems that all our troubles are more quickly over than we thought. We know the young lady."

But the troubles of the worthy executors, Messrs. Pentwick and Palgrave, were by no means over. Indeed, they were but little more than begun. On making inquiry of Miss Crabstone she declared she had never once been near the shop of Mr. O'Hara. She had trusted too completely in the alertness and tact of her uncle's executors to take any such hand in the matter. The young lady in gray was assuredly not herself, though she would own up to the similarity of the "rather prominently arched nose and blue eyes."

By the time Mr. O'Hara was appealed to again the trial had grown cold. All that he could tell was that the young lady lived in Meeting Lane and—yes, brilliant remembrance on the part of Mr. O'Hara! she had a brother who worked in the Mercury office. It had been but a casual mention on her part, but Mr. O'Hara retained it.

There might be a half dozen brothers in the Mercury office whose sisters lived in Meeting Lane, but the right one was found at last and the directions obtained.

The young lady turned pale when she saw the two grave, business-like gentlemen. What could they want with her?

"Yes," she said, feeling relieved when she knew the nature of their errand, "I bought it. I was delighted when I found it. I was looking for something of the kind for a dear old uncle who fairly dotes on such things."

"Ah!" said Mr. Pentwick blandly, "then that which we seek is within reach. I suppose your uncle has not yet had the time to examine

it thoroughly?" looking at her anxiously.

"Very little, or that is so far as I know. I got it only this morning, as you are aware, and he was busy with other things."

"My dear Miss," said Mr. Pentwick, "we do not wish to disturb your uncle in the possession of his property, made so by your love and thoughtfulness," and Mr. Pentwick gave her a courteous bow, "but we wish to have the privilege of examining it for a few moments, for the purpose of recovering therefrom certain inclosures not known to be there at the time of sale, and which the one placing them there, since deceased, did not intend should remain. I assure you the property will in nowise be injured."

She looked perplexed but was evidently won by the appeal.

"I am sure there could be no objection to that," she said.

The countenances of the two worthy executors brightened. They had feared reluctance, even opposition.

"But forgot," her manner excited. "It is not here. Why didn't I tell you sooner? Stupid of me I declare!"

"Not here?" repeated Mr. Pentwick in a dazed way.

"Not here?" echoed Mr. Palgrave.

"But it is assuredly near at hand?" questioned Mr. Pentwick, coming to himself.

"No, not exactly. You see, it is this way: I bought it for my uncle. He is a clergyman. His home is in the West. He has only been on a visit to us and—"

"Well?" Mr. Pentwick almost held his breath as he questioned.

"He started three hours ago on his return home."

"In what way?"

"By the stage, and—"

"Yes, my dear young lady, yes." Mr. Pentwick hadn't time for the sentence introduced by the "and." "Thanks for your kindness and patience. One more question please. Your uncle's name!"

"Daniel Calthorpe."

The two executors hastily bowed themselves out.

"To the livery, Palgrave, to the livery as fast as foot will carry us!" exclaimed Mr. Pentwick when they were on the street again. "We must have the two swiftest horses procurable."

But soon another perplexity presented itself. There were two stage routes to the West, the one by Monk's Corner, the other by Dorchester. Which way had the Rev. Daniel Calthorpe gone? To go by the office of each stage line would require an hour or more.

"We must appeal again to the niece," said Mr. Pentwick.

But the niece declared she really did not know. Exasperating loss of many minutes of precious time!

"Drive to Munn's Tavern," suggested Palgrave. "Both coaches stop there. We are armed now, fortunately, with a description of the reverend gentleman."

The clergyman was finally located in the coach going by Dorchester.

"Now for it!" cried Pentwick as he shook the reins over the backs of the horses.

It was now twenty minutes to two o'clock. The coach had started at ten.

"They can't go more than six miles an hour at best speed," declared Pentwick, "for we have heard they are well loaded. We ought to travel twice as fast at least."

By half-past five at outside I think we can be having our interview with the Rev. Daniel Calthorpe."

"Suppose he enters serious objection?" said Palgrave.

"I guess not, especially when he is assured that we mean no damage to his property."

At half-past four they were ten miles behind the Western coach.

Tennet is certainly pushing his horses too tight," declared Pentwick, and somewhat irritably. "I shall make it a point to tell Vance about it. He loves his horses too well to keep such a driver in his service."

"Maybe the fault is with us," suggested Palgrave, "that we have not been making time as planned. I have noticed for some miles back that the chestnut was not traveling so freely."

"Doubtless that is what's the matter. Well, I don't want to hurt the horses, though the bay looks good for many miles yet."

Seven miles further on good news greeted them. They learned that the Western coach had broken down and had been considerably delayed. When at length they came in sight of it Pentwick could not restrain himself.

"Hello, driver," he shouted, "stop that coach!"

Tennet saw the two determined gentlemen in hot pursuit, and realizing the utter futility of an attempt to escape with his loaded team, at once gave warning to his passengers.

"Highwaymen, gentlemen, highwaymen! Save yourselves and your valuables!"

"Don't be a fool," said Pentwick as he came within speaking distance. "Calm yourself, like Tennet, and act the man. You assuredly know me, Pentwick of East Bay? Now I see you do. I have followed the coach solely on business, and that business is with an old gentleman within."

There were only six passengers besides the old clergyman, who was sitting on the back seat near the window, his right shoulder leaning toward it. His face was bent downward until only the top of his head was visible, and he was evidently so engrossed in what he was doing that he had not even heard the driver's alarm, nor noted the excited stir of the passengers about him.

"Don't be disturbed, gentlemen," said Pentwick suavely, as he opened the door of the coach. "I am no more a highwayman than any one of you. I am Pentwick of Pentwick and Palgrave, shipbuilders, East Bay, and I have come solely on a matter of business with this gentleman," indicating the clergyman as he spoke. "The Rev. Daniel Calthorpe, I believe?" giving that individual a gentle shake by way of attracting his attention.

At sound of his name and the touch of the hand upon his knee Mr. Calthorpe looked up inquiringly, inclining his body forward. As he did so some lettering on the back of that which had so engrossed him came plainly into view. They were four letters of a word. The letters were large and distinct, for they were in heavy black type. They were:

"TILL—at last!" cried Mr. Pentwick jubilantly as he came back to where Mr. Palgrave was holding the horses.

He tossed the article upward as he spoke. Two lines of lettering came clearly before Mr. Palgrave's eye, a longer one, with a shorter beneath. How plainly he could read them both!

"You have enjoyed it very much?" questioned Mr. Pentwick.

"Very!" with unmistakable emphasis.

"Been nearly through it?"

"More than half way."

"And found nothing?"

"Nothing, sir? What can you mean?" The old clergyman was evidently aroused now. "Why, sir, are you so ignorant as not to know that those are the richest of their kind ever inclosed within binder's casket?"

"TILL—at last!" cried Mr. Pentwick jubilantly as he came back to where Mr. Palgrave was holding the horses.

He tossed the article upward as he spoke. Two lines of lettering came clearly before Mr. Palgrave's eye, a longer one, with a shorter beneath. How plainly he could read them both!

TILLOTSON'S SERMONS.

Quarto-Sheep."

A moment later a sharp penknife was working industriously, though carefully, between lightly pasted leaves. When the task has been completed, across Palgrave's knee lay seventeen one thousand pound Bank of England notes.

The old clergyman received his book again with a clasp of delight. He never knew what had been within it, nor that he had read beyond ten at least of the pasted leaves without knowing it. So much for his comprehension of what was "In Till—"

JULES Verne has been married fifty-five years. Although he has, in his stories, allowed himself the wildest flights of fancy, he has always led the most quiet of lives and is now spending the evening of his days in Amiens, where he and his charming old wife are among the most prosperous and highly considered citizens of that famous place.

TINNED meats will keep sweet and good for many years. Mutton preserved in this way has been kept for forty-four years, and was found to be in good condition at the end of this time. The cans containing this meat were wrecked in 1824, and were cast ashore with other stores on the beach at Prince's Inlet. They were found by Sir John Ross eight years afterwards in good preservation, but were left there for sixteen years longer, exposed to all the changes of temperature which visit that shore—from 32 degrees below zero to 10 above. Then another ship visited the spot, found them and brought them to civilized lands again, where some of them are still kept as curiosities, and are sweet and good after the lapse of so many years, and after passing through so many vicissitudes.

A MATTER OF TASTE.

If a man really prefers to wear a collar that cost 25 cts. or even 15 cts. and pays a laundry to transform it into a hideous thing of torment and tatters—why—he can do it of course. But think of it! A linen collar will stand the average laundry from one to three times. If it endures three times that makes it wearable four times in all. Suppose it costs 15 cts.—a low price—when new, the three launderings at 1 1/2 cts. each bring the cost of four times wearing to about 5 cts. a time. Meantime it has shrunk or stretched or acquired a saw tooth edge, or the button holes have torn out and much anguish of spirit has resulted. Four "Linene" collars would have looked as well, felt better and cost just half as much, to say nothing of saving in trouble. "Linene" collars and cuffs are sold by leading dealers and are made by the Reversible Collar Co. of Boston, Mass.

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Men, Women and Things.

CONDUCTED BY JENNIE MELVENE DAVIS.



Bessie Potter Vonnoh is one of three or four women who have the honor of being members of the National Sculpture Society. Miss Potter's success was won through her ability to give an "up-to-date" catchiness to statuettes. These tiny portrait statuettes were bright, piquant reproductions of the friends who frequented her studio. The pose and dress were reproduced in the clay and the little gems were soon in demand. Not only were they popular with the public but also with the critics. They had all the freedom of line of a statue. Miss Potter was born in St. Louis. Her work as a sculptor began in Chicago. In that city her studio was the meeting place of all the literary and artist element. One of her most pleasing statuettes is Julia Marlowe in the character of Juliet. Miss Marlowe scratched her signature in the soft clay so that it is an autograph portrait done in marble. Miss Potter made such a financial success of the work that was begun simply for amusement that she was able to take a European tour. On her return she opened a studio in New York. Miss Potter's face is full of life, vivacity and expression. Many of the artists of Chicago painted her portrait. Mr. R. W. Vonnoh the well-known portrait painter made many portraits of Miss Potter but the last one was of Mrs. Bessie Potter Vonnoh.

Brigadier General King has gained promotion and honor for his bravery and daring in the Philippines. In spite of this he is best known to the American public as Capt. King the author of the popular military novels. "Between the Lines," "The General's Double," "Kittie's Conquest," "Winning His Spurs" and "A Wartime Wooing," are among his most widely read books. Gen. King's career has been one of active adventures and stirring scenes. It is his custom to keep a series of note books that record the daily happenings of his eventful life. When a new story is under way, General King looks carefully through his note books. As a result his books have become noted for their careful accurate pictures of army life. He writes rapidly in a form of short hand invented by himself and then talks the story into a phonograph. A typewriter then follows the dictation of the phonograph and General King corrects the dictated manuscript. General King has won great financial and literary success through the work that he declares was undertaken to give an education to his sons and daughters. General King comes of good colonial stock; on one side he is a descendant of Rufus King and on the other side he claims John Eliot the famous apostle to the Indians as an ancestor. The General is now fifty-five years of age, but he is so alert in bearing that he seems at least a dozen years younger. When the Civil War broke out he was a lad of sixteen. He left school and enlisted. President Lincoln gave him a cadetship at West Point. He graduated with honor but remained at West Point until 1866, as instructor in artillery. Then followed active duty at various posts until he was assigned to staff duty in New Orleans. Here he won his wife and he declares that all his success since then has been won because he tried to make one woman happy. He has seen active service in the Indian campaigns. Trouble from a wound received on one of the expeditions finally led him to ask for retirement from the service. This was granted and he became instructor in the University of Wisconsin. In 1895, he was appointed Adjutant General of Wisconsin and did excellent work in increasing the efficiency of the militia of that state. In 1898 at the outbreak of hostilities with Spain he resumed active military service as a Brigadier General of Volunteers. March 1, 1899, he was raised to the rank of Major General for "energy, bravery and efficiency" during the

engagement with the Filipino insurgents on February 5, 1899.

New England has long been the literary center of the United States. Its children have spoken a message to the whole world. High on the roll of its literary workers stands the name of Louise Chandler Moulton. Her stories and poems have won her a place in the hearts of the people and sincere praise and appreciation from the most critical members of the world of letters. To please the great mass of humanity and the critical few is seldom the lot of writers. Louise Chandler grew up in a little Connecticut town. She was an only child, sensitive and imaginative, and trained in the stern faith of the Calvinistics. Novels, dancing, games were all considered worldly and irreligious. This somber background seemed to develop the child's love for all that was beautiful in the world about her. For nearly eight years she wrote verses and at last sent a poem to a paper in Norwich, Connecticut. She tells of the intense joy that came to her when she saw the verses in print—a joy that her after successes could not parallel. Once having tasted the pleasures of printer's ink the path seemed clear. Poems and sketches were published in various magazines. Her first book "This, That and the Other" was made up of these articles. Soon after the publication of this book, Mrs. Moulton attended Mrs. Willard's famous school at Troy, N. Y. During the year she became engaged to Mr. William Moulton the editor and publisher of a paper in Boston to which she had been a constant contributor. She was married a few weeks after leaving school. Her novel "Jim Clifford" was published the same year and was followed by "My Third Book." Mrs. Moulton proved that a literary woman may be a famous housekeeper. The well-known and touching poem "If I Could keep Her So" was written regarding a little golden haired girl who came to bless her home. Bedtime Stories, More Bedtime Stories, New Bedtime Stories, Firelight Stories and Stories Told at Twilight were inspired by the little daughter. In 1898 Mr. Moulton died. Mrs. Moulton's home in Boston is a center of social, artistic and literary life. Mrs. Moulton spends some time each year in London and her circle of friends there is distinguished and cosmopolitan. Mrs. Moulton has a charming personality and is often called a Southern woman. She has the soft slow speech and the languid manner of a woman of ease and luxury but back of it is the New England perseverance that has enabled her to do much severe literary work and to climb to success.



Sir Henry Irving is easily the first of living actors. His visits to this country are always marked by crowded houses and by the sight of long lines waiting for hours to buy tickets. His life story is one of effort but of effort crowned by artistic and financial success. As a child he was fond of recitation. Long before he had ever seen a theater he loved to declaim the ballad of Chevy Chase. When Irving was ten, his parents went to London, and for two years and a half he attended school. He did not lose his natural love for reciting and his most vivid remembrance of the school is associated with the entertainments where the pupils recited English classics. The boy was put into a commercial firm but found the tasks uncongenial. At this time he became a member of the City Elocution Class which was an association of young men with tastes similar to his own. The club gave many plays in Sussex Hall and young Irving thoroughly enjoyed the part he took in these amateur entertainments. His first visit to a theater was one of the most memorable experiences in his life. The intention to become an actor grew into certainty. When he was nineteen he began his stage career by playing a small part in Richelieu. For nine years he appeared in the Provinces, and during that period gave over 428 different parts. The amount of mental labor required to memorize that number of parts is simply prodigious. At the close of the period he was able to command seventeen dollars and a half a week and to feel that the salary represented fair progress. This was the school of hard experience that trained



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FRANCIS TRUTH, THE DIVINE HEALER.

the foremost actor of this age. It was work and hardship and perseverance. Sir Henry Irving lately addressed the students at Harvard and his text was "Do, not dream." In 1866 Irving played his first London engagement. In the '70's, Irving raised a wild excitement in London over his interpretations of Shakespeare's leading characters. Many critics were against him and even the great daily papers had leading editorials on the topic. Irving finally succeeded in convincing even his most bitter critics that his interpretation, while departing far from old traditions, was true to art. Sir Henry Irving has been the manager of the Lyceum Theater for twenty-one years. Time and money have been lavished to make this theater perfect in all details. The large sums that Irving has received for his appearances outside of England have been spent upon this theater. Irving is beloved and respected by all who know him well. He has a large collection of theatrical prints said to be the finest in existence. He entertains liberally but the bulk of his capital has gone to make the Lyceum Theater what it is. He has played short engagements in America during this winter but his tour has been hurried as the duties of manager of the Lyceum Theater require his presence in London.

To be the author of a book of which over 3,000,000 copies have been sold is a remarkable thing. To be the author of a book that bids fair to work a social and religious reform is not less remarkable. Rev. Charles M. Sheldon has achieved the dual distinction through his book "In His Steps." The book has been translated into French, German, Swedish, Norwegian, Russian and Italian. Rev. Mr. Sheldon is forty-two years of age. He was born in Wellsville, New York, but his father who was a clergyman moved to Dakota and it is the spirit and method of the West that has shaped Charles Sheldon's work. His education was obtained at the famous Phillips Academy, Brown University and

Andover. He spent some time in England and Scotland studying the life of the poorer people. His first charge was in Vermont. He was not content with the conservative methods of Christian workers and he at once began the work of getting in touch with his people, not alone through the pulpit but by personal contact with their daily lives. In 1888 he accepted a call to Topeka, Kansas. Here he pursued his idea of close personal knowledge of the people and their wants. He became a student at the college, he worked as a day laborer, he met the physicians and lawyers in their offices and he made it his business to have a knowledge of humanity gained from humanity and not from books. He took special interest in his work in the negro quarter of Topeka. Prizes were offered for the best kept lawns and houses and a free kindergarten was established through his efforts. In 1891 he began the plan of reading chapter of a book to his congregation on Sunday evening. The chapter was written during the week. The first book that he read was called "Robert Bruce." It was followed in succession by Robert Hardy's Seven Days, The Twentieth Door, The Crucifixion of Philip Strong, John King's Question Class, His Brother's Keeper, and in 1896, In His Steps. Since this famous book he has written Malcolm Kirk, The Redemption of Freetown, One of the Two, The Miracle at Markham and For Christ and the Church. Each book has been read to his church congregation and the listeners have increased in number so that the church could be filled twice over. Mr. Sheldon has refused many tempting offers to lecture. He is not eloquent or attractive as a speaker but he possesses the unrivaled charm of intense sincerity. His sudden and world wide fame will not divert the man from the line of work he has mapped out for himself. He speaks at Christian Endeavor meetings and recently asked that the sum of \$1,000,000 be raised in order to support a daily Christian newspaper along the lines mapped out "In His Steps." The sum of his belief and teachings were summed up in these words spoken to the graduating class of Washburn College. "What we do in the world is not worth doing unless it is done to the glory of God."



WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

GREAT and hidden are the dangers which beset the mariner sailing in unknown seas. The loss of the cruiser Charleston off the Island of Luzon in the Philippines on Nov. 7th is an example of this truth. As the Charleston was sailing along that night on the regular patrol of the northern coast of Luzon, she ran upon an uncharted reef and immediately sank. The fore part of the vessel held close upon the reef, and the latter part filled and gradually sank. As usual in disasters to American ships, there was no panic in the crew, but on the contrary most remarkable discipline and presence of mind. While nearly everything on the ship was lost, not a single man was drowned but all quietly and in order escaped to the neighboring islands. A few days after the ship entirely disappeared, and it is supposed that her hold upon the reef under her bow lessened and that she slid off into deep water; thus every hope of saving her was abandoned. The Charleston was one of the oldest of the new navy ships, having been built in 1888. In 1889 she was commissioned as flagship in the Pacific squadron. She attained considerable celebrity during the time in which it seemed probable that we should have a war with Chile by running down the fast Chilean transport "Itata" which had coaled in one of the ports of California in defiance to our neutrality laws.

Two United States marshals, finding the "Itata" coaling, went aboard of her to protest and to stop the work. The captain of the transport immediately went to sea, taking the marshals with him. Difficult as the pursuit of a single vessel is upon the high seas, the Charleston effectually captured the "Itata" and brought her back to port. The relations between the two countries at the time became so strained that war seemed inevitable, but it will be remembered was averted by the common sense displayed by the people in both countries. The Charleston was a protected cruiser, 300 feet long and cost \$1,017,000. She carried a main battery of six six-inch guns and two eight-inch guns, and was equipped with four torpedo tubes. She carried a complement of a little over 300 men, and was considered an effective vessel of her class. A few years ago her loss would have been almost irreparable, but at the present time the United States has 13 of a similar class of ships

in the new navy, and so rapid is the improvement in modern naval vessels that ships of the Charleston's make and class are fast becoming old-fashioned. She will undoubtedly be replaced with a new vessel of more modern make by the present Congress.

Another addition to our navy is a sister ship of the Kearsarge which was illustrated last month. The Kentucky is a first class battleship built by the Newport News Shipbuilding Co., of Virginia; she recently had her official trial trip and maintained a sustained speed of over 17 knots, which is about 20 land miles, for four consecutive hours. The tide was against her, and when this is figured out she will undoubtedly attain even better record than the remarkable figure above given. Great as this performance is, it would undoubtedly have been still more remarkable had it not been that there was a northeast storm and high sea raging at the time which must have had some effect to prevent her attaining the highest possible figure. Her return cruise from the trial gave the highest record at a cruising speed. It is doubtful if in the navies of the world there are two fleet or stronger fighting machines than these two ships which will soon be in commission in the navy.

As the month closes, the condition of affairs in the Philippines has changed remarkably from what it was six weeks ago. At that time the American people were worried at apparent inaction of Gen. Otis, and previous to the elections many were half-hearted in their support of the administration's policy in regard to the islands. The result of the elections wherever the question of the Philippine policy came up was so strong in favor of the administration that its effect must

have been felt among the insurgents. At the same time a most vigorous advance on the part of the American troops under Gen. MacArthur and Gen. Lawton formed a cordon around the insurgent armies. The objective point at first was Tarlac, which was occupied as a capital by the insurgent government. This was one of the many capitals which have been invaded by American troops. Tarlac was taken without any real fighting although there were a series of skirmishes in which we lost some of our soldiers and valuable officers. Among the latter was Major Logan, a son of the late Gen. John A. Logan, and one of the most brilliant officers in the American army. He had won considerable distinction in the

Spanish war and still more in the Philippines. The whole nation sympathizes with Mrs. Gen. Logan who has lost an idolized son in his death.

The rainy season in the Philippines continued longer than was expected, and the roads even at present are almost impassable. Notwithstanding this fact, most rapid and determined advances and sweeping use of cavalry have been made and the insurgents scattered until at this writing it is but little more than a bandit or guerilla warfare. The Filipino Congress dissolved itself, many of its members surrendering to American authorities and others fleeing to the mountains, but with the general understanding it was never to meet again. The chief members of the cabinet were captured or surrendered, and at the time of this writing Aguinaldo with an army of 2000 men is in full retreat with his men disheartened and deserting at every turn. By the time this paper reaches its readers he will have been captured, or escaped through the lines which is much more probable, and made his way to some other land. In all probability he will reach Hong Kong where he is safe from extradition, and it is to be feared will remain a thorn in the American flesh for a long time. It will be remembered it was from Hong Kong that he plotted the last insurrection against the Spaniards after he had been sent there on his word of honor that he would not molest that nation, after his unsuccessful earlier insurrection.

The greatest praise is due to the earnest work of Generals MacArthur, Lawton and Wheeler, all of whom have shown great intelligence in the present campaign which is so full of successful results. Gen. Wheeler always commands the attention of the American public, and his recent public interview in which he called on Congress to immediately state in emphatic language that the Americans intended to hold the Philippines indefinitely, and that American law was to be maintained, has caused much comment. It is believed that this would be a wise step, in that it has been generally known and publicly stated that the insurgents were only held together by the idea that the retention of these islands by the Americans was generally unpopular in this country, and that should it be understood otherwise the insurgents would have no heart to continue their rebellion. The vigorous efforts of the Government in the tremendous increase of reinforcements evidently had its effect in disheartening the rebels.

The death of Vice President Hobart though not unexpected came suddenly and painlessly at last. President McKinley immediately issued a proclamation relative to it and flags were displayed at half-mast throughout the country. His funeral was attended by all the high dignitaries and foreign representatives and the high position he had won both as an official and as a private citizen was very manifest. His funeral was notable in one respect, being the occasion of lowering flags on almost every legation, a courtesy seldom extended to any public man.

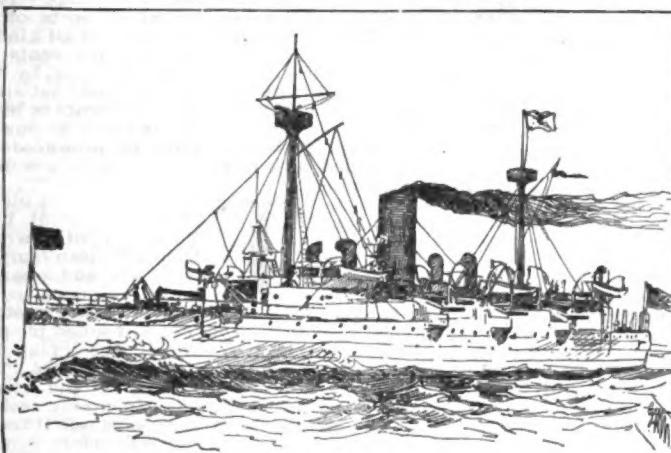
Mr. Hobart had been a very tactful man in the position he had held. The Vice Presidency is usually looked upon as a rather ornamental position in which a man may be conveniently shelved; but he made it an active and forceful part of the government and was something more than the usual figurehead. Being in full accord with the administration, he was able to aid and sustain it in legislation, constantly. It is unfortunately true that often the President and Vice President are chosen from opposite factions in the same party; and that, in consequence, their term of office is a state of armed neutrality, if not open warfare. In this case however entire harmony prevailed and was greatly to the interests of the country at large.

By Mr. Hobart's death, the President of the Senate, *pro tem.* Hon. William Pitt Frye, of Maine, becomes its presiding officer and practically acts as Vice President until March 4, 1901, when a new Vice President will take the oath of office. Mr. Frye has had long public service. He was in the Maine legislature and afterwards sent to Congress. In Maine it is a custom to keep men in Congress so long as they fill the responsible position with credit and as a consequence her delegation, being tried men, always has strength and standing entirely disproportionate to their number.

In Mr. Frye's case the usual custom has been observed and after long service in the house, he was elevated to the national Senate, where he has served with great credit and distinction. He is a ready debater and one of the best speakers in America, being particularly forceful and popular on the stump. He recently was on



GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER.



THE LOST CRUISER CHARLESTON.



GEN. MACARTHUR.

have been felt among the insurgents. At the same time a most vigorous advance on the part of the American troops under Gen. MacArthur and Gen. Lawton formed a cordon around the insurgent armies. The objective point at first was Tarlac, which was occupied as a capital by the insurgent government. This was one of the many capitals which have been invaded by American troops. Tarlac was taken without any real fighting although there were a series of skirmishes in which we lost some of our soldiers and valuable officers. Among the latter was Major Logan, a son of the late Gen. John A. Logan, and one of the most brilliant officers in the American army. He had won considerable distinction in the

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—Editor Comfort.



DAVID B. HENDERSON.

immediate appointment of Gen. Wood as military governor of the island. The colored people are agitating immediate independence, while the property holders naturally want Federal supervision. Should these colored Marauders carry out any scheme of uprising, they will be taught the same lesson that the Filipino is learning of the difference between American and Spanish soldiers.

Our growing commerce and a balance of trade of \$600,000,000 in our favor indicates a season of wonderful prosperity. The growth of our Eastern trade has compelled our government to address a note to each foreign government claiming a "sphere" in China as to its inventions. The "zone of influence" policy of foreign nations is to grab a large portion of China and restricts foreign trade from that province to that one country. England and the United States both stand by the "open door" policy, meaning that every country shall have equal rights with every other country in trading in any part of China; and that existing trade treaties with the Celestial empire will be maintained everywhere in the kingdom.

You can easily make three dollars a day working for us. Do not miss this chance of making good money. See the back page of this paper.

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Our Bargain book of Holiday presents and a skein of embroidery silk will be sent you, together with a lot of new and pretty silk pieces that will make over eighty square inches of crazy quilt or sofa pillow. Send six cents for a three months' subscription and we will send above, together with diagram showing latest fancy stitches. Also tells how to get a larger lot of silk and satin pieces free. Address, FAMILY HERALD, Augusta, Maine.

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It is Now Within the Reach of Every Woman to Save the Drunkard.

By a new discovery which can be given in tea, coffee or food. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister or daughter of the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge or co-operation. Send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines, 1338 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, and he will mail enough of the remedy free to show how it is used in tea, coffee or food and that it will cure the drunkard quietly and permanently, also full directions how to use it, together with testimonials from hundreds who have been cured, and everything needed to aid you in saving those near and dear to you from a life of degradation and ultimate poverty and disgrace.

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Plating Gents and Ladies at home or traveling, taking orders, using and selling Prof. Gray's Platers, Plates, Jewelry, Tableware, Bicycles, and all metal goods. No capital required, no stock to keep. We do plating, manufacture outfit, all sizes. Guaranteed. Only outfit complete, all tools, lathers, materials, etc., ready for work. We teach you the art, furnish secrets and formulas FREE. Write Today. Testimonials, samples, &c., FREE. C. GRAY & CO., PLATING WORKS, 8, CINCINNATI, O.



CONDUCTED BY AUNT SARAH.

READ may or may not be the "staff of life," but we all hold an important position in our diet and we want it at its best. There is no excuse for having sour, unpalatable bread. We give a recipe which makes two loaves of bread.

WHEAT BREAD.

Into a bowl put two cups boiling water or scalded milk and add two tablespoons sugar, one teaspoon salt, and, when liquid has become luke-warm, one yeast cake dissolved in one-half cup warm water. Mix in enough flour to make a stiff dough—about seven cups. Knead until the dough is elastic, cover and set to rise. When the dough has doubled its bulk knead slightly while still in the bowl. When again double in bulk, make into two loaves and set to rise in buttered pans; when it has risen the third time bake one hour.

If a brown, glossy crust is desired, brush over the top of each loaf, a short time before removing from the oven, a little sugar dissolved in milk, or the beaten yolk of an egg diluted with a little milk.

For a change once in a while have

ENTIRE WHEAT BREAD.

Put one tablespoon shortening, two tablespoons molasses and one and a half teaspoons salt into a mixing bowl; pour on one cup boiling water and one cup scalded milk; when luke-warm add one yeast cake dissolved in one-fourth cup warm water; then add flour, using one cup white flour and enough entire wheat to knead. After kneading put in a bowl, cover and set to rise. Shape in loaves, again let rise and bake in a hot oven about fifty minutes.

We give illustrations of various fancy rolls, which are made from what we call the

DINNER ROLL MIXTURE.

Put one-fourth cup butter, two tablespoons sugar and one teaspoon salt in a bowl and pour on two cups scalded milk; when luke-warm add one yeast cake dissolved in one-fourth cup warm water, and three cups flour. Beat thoroughly, cover and let rise until light. Cut down and add flour enough to knead. Then let rise again, shape, place on buttered sheets, again let rise and bake in a hot oven about fifteen minutes.

If one is to give a course luncheon there may be two or more courses with which bread in some form should be served. It is a little more attractive and dainty if served in different shapes for the various courses, though all may be made from the same batch of dough. First there is the bread stick, which, when baked, is about six inches long and the size of one's finger. Then the Parker House and oyster roll, which should be made very small. The figure eight is simply a long, twisted piece, one end brought up through the middle to form the head. The braid is made by taking three long pieces and fastening them together and then braiding. It is easier to make a long braid and then cut it into smaller ones, say three inches in length.

PULLED BREAD.

Remove crusts from a fresh loaf of French bread—gash the loaf at the ends and pull apart into halves; cut the halves and pull apart into quarters, repeating the process until the pieces are the size of bread sticks. Put in a pan in oven to dry and then brown delicately. These may be kept in an air tight tin box for sometime, and just before serving should be put into the oven to make them crisp.

Right here let me speak of the heavy crash which is now being extensively used for kneading bread, instead of the usual moulding board. It is considered much more healthful as it can be kept perfectly clean and so free from germs. It is simply a large piece of heavy crash, which has been washed and ironed and is spread directly upon the table; the flour is then sprinkled over it and the bread kneaded exactly as when the board is used.

For the soup course, serve the bread sticks, or Imperial Sticks, which are shown in our initial. These are made from stale bread, as follows:

IMPERIAL STICKS.

Cut stale bread into thin slices, remove the crusts and spread with butter and cut into one-third inch strips. Lay on a baking sheet

and bake until of a delicate brown. Cut also some rings, from the thin buttered slices of bread, and bake in the same way. Serve the rings with the sticks put through them, one or two rings with three or four of the sticks, to each person, either upon a small plate, or on a folded napkin.

Possibly a few other suggestions for using up stale bread may be acceptable.

TOMATO CREAM SOUP.

Scald one quart of milk with half an onion, into which stick four cloves; add a small piece of bay leaf, a little parsley and three-fourths cup of stale bread crumbs. Remove the seasoning and rub bread through a fine sieve. Cook two cups tomatoes with two teaspoons sugar for fifteen minutes, add one-fourth teaspoon soda, rub through sieve, and add to the bread and milk. Add five tablespoons butter in small pieces and season with salt and pepper.

The crumbs should first be taken from the inside of the loaf; then the soft sides of the crusts should be grated off by the use of a large grater. The crusts themselves should not be used. After the bread has been grated and rubbed as fine as possible, it should be put through a sieve, so that all the crumbs may be of a uniform size; it is then so fine that it thickens much the same as flour does, and yet gives a pleasanter flavor to the soup.

EGGS ON TOAST.

Cut thin slices of stale bread, and from each slice cut a circular piece as large as possible without including the crusts. Sauté in butter and place on a hot platter. Pour over the slices a white sauce, and arrange on each piece some chopped ham, the whites of eggs finely chopped and the yolks forced through a ricer. Garnish with parsley.

This makes a nice breakfast or luncheon dish. As the eggs are cold, it is necessary to set the platter into the oven for five minutes before putting on the parsley.

The white sauce is made of one and one-half tablespoons flour, two tablespoons butter, one-fourth teaspoon salt and one cup milk. The butter is melted and the flour rubbed in and then the hot milk is added. This is called a thin white sauce, and if a thick one is desired, the addition of another tablespoon of flour is all that is necessary.

To "sauté" is simply to fry quickly.

ORANGE PUDDING.

Soak one and one-third cups stale bread crumbs in one cup of cold water for twenty minutes; add one cup sugar, one cup orange juice, one tablespoon lemon juice, two whole eggs and the yolk of another, slightly beaten, one tablespoon melted butter and one-fourth teaspoon salt. Bake in a buttered pudding dish in a slow oven until firm. Cool slightly and cover with a frosting made from the whites of two eggs, two tablespoons powdered sugar and one-fourth teaspoon orange extract.

Please bear in mind that all our measurements are level.

THE POTATO.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

WHEN Pizarro and his companions, while seeking for gold among the mountains of Peru, saw the Indians cultivating the plant known at first as the *Papas Peruanorum*, they certainly did not suspect the importance of their discovery, nor the services which it was destined to render to mankind.

Admitted to the tables of the rich,

under some one of the many disguises created by the inventive genius of culinary art, the potato appears in its primitive state at those of the poor, where served up in its "jacket," and with no other condiments than salt and hunger, it forms, only too often, the sole dish. But when, less than half a century ago, in that country which, more than any other, had relied on the potato as an article of food, a sudden blight destroyed in a few days the hopes of the husbandman, the wealthy, no less than the humble, felt the disaster, and the potato famine, by the bitter memories it left in the minds of the Irish people, and the impetus it gave to emigration, produced wide-spreading and untoward results, of which we do not as yet describe the termination.

The first tubers known in Europe under the name of potatoes were of a different order of plants from those which now bear that name. It was during Magellan's journey round the world (1591-1522) that Pigagetta, an Italian naturalist who accompanied him, saw in Brazil, the Batata, or sweet potato. We do not, however, know if it was thence brought to Spain, or at a later period from Peru, but it was most probably the Spaniards and the Portuguese who introduced it into their colonies in the East, and it is now cultivated in India, China, Japan, the Southern States of the Union, and in Italy. In England, the trade with Spain made it known as an article of commerce under the names of "potades" or "potatoes," a corruption of the Spanish, and it seems to have been in demand for making conserves and sweetmeats. A little later, on the invasion of Peru, the Spaniards became acquainted with a root called "papa," resembling the batata, but of a harder nature; and from the descriptions of it given by the historians of the Conquests, it seems to be what we now know as the potato.

For centuries before the arrival of the Spaniards the Peruvian Incas had paid great attention to the development of agriculture, and as the "papa" formed the principal nutriment of

the inhabitants of the higher and colder regions, unsuited to the cultivation of maize or batatas, it must have been an object of special care, since the names of as many as eleven varieties are to be found in dictionaries of the Peruvian language.

Pedro de Ciesa, a companion of Pizarro and Garcilaso de la Vega, the earliest writers who describe the "papa," state that the Indians crush the tubers to expel the water, then dry them in the sun, and thus prepare a food called Chuno, which can be preserved for a considerable time.

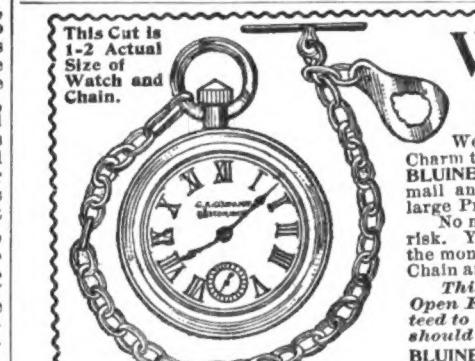
The exact date of the introduction of the potato into England, and the name of the person to whom the English owe it, are still matters of uncertainty. It has always been maintained that, in 1565 Sir John Hawkins brought the potato from Santa Fe, in Venezuela, and that Sir Walter Raleigh brought it into Ireland from Virginia in 1588. But the chronicler of Sir John Hawkins' travels merely states that at Santa Fe Indians came to them with potatoes and pineapples for sale; the word "potato" meaning at that time only the batata, which must have been already known as an article of commerce, while the tuber we now call the potato did not receive that name till many years later.

For many years the cultivation of the tuber made but little progress in the United Kingdom. In Scotland it became known in Kirkcudbright as late as 1725, in Stirlingshire in 1728, and in Forfarshire in 1730. It was not till 1740 that a season of peculiar severity gave the first impulse to the more extensive cultivation of a root which promised to be an effectual remedy against such a visitation. It was at that time, however, raised only by spade culture, which required more exertion than the slovenly farmers of those days cared to submit to and it was generally believed that it could be preserved only by being left in the earth where it grew. The potato, therefore, was not grown on an extensive scale and it was only about 1790, when farming had come to be better understood and practiced throughout Scotland, that its value was fully recognized and that it met with the attention it deserved.

The same want of appreciation of the potato long prevailed in England. In Lancashire, where it was probably brought from Ireland, it was planted in the fields in 1634, but it is only a little more than a hundred years since its cultivation became general. When Arthur Young made his tours through England, between 1767 and 1770, he found that in very extensive tracts of the country over which he traveled, potatoes were not a common article of culture; but that in the north more farmers grew them than in the south or east. In France Turgot was the first to point out its utility, during a famine which occurred while he was *Intendant* of Limousin, between 1761 and 1773 and he had at first great difficulty in conquering the prejudices of the people, who only consented to make use of it after *M. l'Intendant* had had it served up at his own table. The efforts of Antoine Parmentier in the same direction were more successful. His attention was first drawn to the cultivation of the potato by the prize offered in 1771 by the Academy of Besançon for the discovery of alimentary substance which might compensate for the deficiency of corn at a time of scarcity. He gained the prize by an essay, in which he demonstrated the nutritious qualities of the starch contained in many plants, and obtained from the Government leave to sow with potatoes fifty-four acres of a sterile tract near Versailles. At first the incredulous public laughed at the seemingly hopeless undertaking, but, when the plants grew up, Parmentier presented a bouquet of the flowers to Louis XVI. The King, who had always been favorably inclined towards Parmentier, accepted them willingly, and appeared in public wearing them in his button-hole. The patronage of Royalty rendered the plant at once fashionable; the prejudices existing against it disappeared and the government was enabled to spread its culture throughout the Provinces.

Toward the close of the eighteenth century it was extensively cultivated throughout Germany, but it was only after the wars of Napoleon that it began to be used for the production of the potato-spirit, which now forms such an important branch of German commerce.

The potato disease was first observed in 1764 and during sixty or seventy years it ravaged districts situated in widely separated countries.



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Cut this notice out and send to us. State the territory you wish to work in. Say in your letter you will give this work an immediate trial of at least 10 DAYS, and we will immediately SEND YOU FREE OUR SALESMAN'S COMPLETE OUTFIT on the following easy conditions. Each outfit costs us nearly \$2.00, for it is made very complete to insure immediate success for the agent. The outfit consists of one handsome heavy cloth bound book, 10x7x2 inches, containing a complete assortment of large samples of our various lines of men's and women's mackintoshes, also handsome large fashion figures, etc., one confidential price and instruction book, one fair and to protect us against those who would order outfit (which cost us nearly \$2.00) by mail or by express, or just to get the cloth samples, we require everyone, after receiving the outfit at the express office and if found perfectly satisfactory and you are convinced you can make money taking orders, pay the express agent \$5.00 and express charges, we return your \$5.00 with your first order.

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C. O. D., subject to examination, collect your full selling price, any man or woman can do the work & there is where can make \$5.00 every day. Our book of instructions makes everyone work, saying you will give it 10 days' trial. YOU WILL NEVER REGRET IT. Nearly everyone sends the \$5.00 with their application.

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A STRINGENT FOOD LAW.

The law enacted by the Missouri legislature, which prohibits the manufacture or sale of any article intended for food or to be used in the preparation of food, which contains alum, arsenic, ammonia, etc., places that state in the advance in the matter of sanitary legislation.

Laws restricting the use of alum in bread have been in force in England, Germany and France for many years. In this country, in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky and several other states, direct legislation in reference to the sale of alum baking powders has also been effected. In several of these states their sale is prohibited unless they are branded to show that they contain alum, and in the District of Columbia, under the laws of Congress, the sale of bread containing alum has been made illegal.

Following are the names of some of the brands of baking powder which are shown by recent analysis to contain alum. House-keepers and grocers should cut the list out and keep it for reference:

Baking Powders Containing Alum:

| | |
|---------------|---------------------------------------|
| DAVIS' O. K., | Contain Alum. |
| DRY YEAST, | R. B. Davis & Co., New York. |
| CALUMET, | Contains Alum. |
| GRAND UNION, | Calumet Baking Powder Co., Chicago. |
| BON BON, | Grand Union Tea Co., New York. |
| HOTEL, | Grant Chemical Co., Chicago. |
| GOOD LUCK, | Southern Mfg. Co., Richmond. |
| EGG, | Egg Baking Powder Co., New York. |
| A. & P. | Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., New York. |
| K. C. | Contain Alum. |
| CROWN, | Jacques Mfg. Co., Chicago. |
| KENTON, | J. P. Dieter Co., Chicago. |
| DELICATESSE, | Potter-Parlin Co., Cincinnati. |

Delicatesse Baking Powder Co., New York.

In addition to these, many grocers sell what they call their own private or special brands. These powders are put up for the grocer, and his name put upon the labels by manufacturers of alum powders. The manufacturers, it is said, find their efforts to market their goods in this way greatly aided by the ambition of the grocer to sell a powder with his own name upon the label, especially as he can make an abnormal profit upon it. Many grocers, doubtless, do not know that the powders they are thus pushing are alum powders, the sale of which would be a misdemeanor under the law referred to.

It is quite impossible to give the names of all the alum baking powders. They are constantly appearing in all sorts of disguises, under different names and at all kinds of prices, even as low as five and ten cents a pound. They can be avoided, however, by the housekeeper who will bear in mind that all baking powders sold at twenty-five cents or less per pound are liable to contain alum, as pure cream of tartar powders cannot be produced at anything like this price.

TAKE care of the old newspapers, for they are useful in many things. They will polish window-glasses and will clean lamp chimneys, they will test and clean flatirons, they make excellent covers for pantry shelves, they protect the kitchen table from hot and soiled pie plates, they cover clean clothes on the drying horse to protect them from flies and dust. They are a great moth preventive, too, and articles packed away for the summer in closely sealed bags of newspaper, are sure to be safe if they were properly aired and brushed before being packed. Bags made of old newspapers are excellent, too, for keeping herbs and seeds.

St. Vitus Dance. One bottle Dr. M. M. Fenner's Specific cures. By mail. Send for Circular, Fredonia, N.Y.

Agents can easily make three dollars a day sure. A chance of a lifetime. See back page of this paper.

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Watch and Chain FOR ONE DAY'S WORK.

We send this Nickel-Plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm to Boys and Girls for selling 1½ dozen packages of BLUINE at 10¢ each. Send your full address by return mail and we will forward the Bluine, postpaid, and a large Premium List.

No money required. We send the Bluine at our own risk. You go among your neighbors and sell it. Send us the money that you get for it and we send you the Watch, Chain and Charm, prepaid.

This is an American Watch, Nickel-Plated Case, Open Face, Heavy Bevelled Crystal. It is Guaranteed to keep Accurate Time, and with Proper Care should last ten years.

BLUINE CO., Box 418, CONCORD JUNCTION, MASS.

The Old Reliable firm who sell honest goods and give Valuable Premiums.

Sales Agents Wanted!

Men and Women make \$50 to \$200 every month selling our Gents' and Ladies' Waterproof Mackintoshes or Rain Coats.

WE SELL MEN'S MACKINTOSHES in all styles at \$1.80 to \$4.75. LADIES' MACKINTOSHES and WATERPROOF DRESS SKIRTS and CAPES at \$2.00 to \$6.00. YOU (man or woman) can make \$5.00 every day taking orders for these garments.

At your low prices, everyone will order from you, for no one can meet your price.

WE WANT ONE AGENT (man or woman) in every city and county, no capital required. We furnish a BIG BOOK of Mackintosh Cloth Samples, fashion figures, your name, rubber stamp, tape measure, business cards, all necessary stationery. Everything complete for doing business.

We are the LARGEST DEALERS in America in Men's and Women's Waterproof Mackintoshes and we sell them at the lowest prices known, and exclusively through regularly appointed men and women agents, who make \$50.00 to \$200.00 every month at the work.

Cut this notice out and send to us. State the territory you wish to work in. Say in your letter you will give this work an immediate trial of at least 10 DAYS, and we will immediately SEND YOU FREE OUR SALESMAN'S COMPLETE OUTFIT on the following easy conditions. Each outfit costs us nearly \$2.00, for it is made very complete to insure immediate success for the agent. The outfit consists of one handsome heavy cloth bound book, 10x7x2 inches, containing a complete assortment of large samples of our various lines of men's and women's mackintoshes, also handsome large fashion figures, etc., one confidential price and instruction book, one fair



EDITOR'S NOTE. The following rules govern the publication of matter in this department.

Contributors must without exception be regular subscribers to *Comfort*, and every contribution must bear the writer's own name and post-office address in full.

Original letters only, which deal with matters of general interest, will be published. They must be as brief, plain and correct as the writers can make them, and may vary in length from one hundred to four hundred words. Only letters of exceptional merit and interest may reach six hundred and fifty words. Contributors must write on one side of the paper only.

\$10 CASH PRIZES \$10.

The following cash prizes will be paid monthly:

| | |
|------------------------------------|--------|
| 1st. For the best original letter | \$3.00 |
| 2nd. " second best original letter | 2.50 |
| 3rd. " third " " " | 2.00 |
| 4th. " fourth " " " | 1.50 |
| 5th. " fifth " " " | 1.00 |

Competitors for these monthly cash prizes must comply with all the above rules, and in addition must bring at least one new Cousin into the *COMFORT* circle; that is, they must send one new subscriber with each letter, together with 50 cents for a yearly subscription.

These cash prizes will be announced monthly in this department.

No premiums will be given for subscriptions sent in under this Prize Offer.

All communications must be addressed to Aunt Minerva, care of *COMFORT*, Augusta, Maine.

CASH PRIZE WINNERS.

| | |
|--------------------|--------|
| Rose Lane Brown, | \$3.00 |
| Elizabeth Wood, | 2.50 |
| A. W. Taylor, | 2.00 |
| Harry Watkins, | 1.50 |
| Mrs. G. H. Lowell, | 1.00 |

EAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS:

Happy New Year to you all, dear friends. Here is 1900 with us at last. How bright and hopeful it spreads out before us!

How much it promises in the way of peace, prosperity and happiness! We have no war on our hands, if we except that in the Philippines; business is active everywhere, and for pleasure there is the Paris exposition. What more can we ask?—except that we use our blessings rightly and make the most we can of them both for ourselves and for others.

Our first letter this month takes us away from the howling storms of the north into the sunny state of Louisiana, and shows us the old city of New Orleans in her many aspects.

"Aunt Minerva suggests that some one who has 'been and done' it should furnish a brief sketch of New Orleans and the old French Market. But what pen can paint an adequate picture of that queer, sunny old town, with her antique buildings, lovely parks, canals of black waters, statues, banks of roses, laden orange trees, stately palaces and filthy hovels, flocks of goats, geese, cattle, and horses grazing on the lush swamps sandwiched between suburban homes, her wharves with ships of all nations, steamers, large and small, craft of all kinds. The customs and costumes of half the nations of the earth mix and mingle on her streets. There goes a Mexican with jeweled sombrero, pausing to sample the wares of a small, brown lad who cries with shrill voice: 'Hot Tomates! Chili-con-noni!' And there, down the middle of the street, passes a sailor's funeral party—sailors in full dress uniform forming a hollow square made by grasp-



THE OLD FRENCH MARKET, NEW ORLEANS.

ing a rope, within which is carried the corpse—the whole preceded by a band, whose music is indeed 'grand, gloomy and peculiar' to an American ear.

"The city, built on a thin crust over the swampy, crescent-shaped peninsula, is lower than the river, and a visitor goes to bed with a creepy, uncomfortable fear that the mighty yellow flood of the formidable Mississippi will burst its bounds and engulf the whole city. But the natives laugh at such a suggestion, and only pause for a moment to exclaim with astonishment when a big slice of earth crumbles away from the insidious inroads of the dangerous waters. The cemeteries are deservedly famous as being the most unique in America, the dead being 'buried' above ground. The slime-covered gutters, the pools reeking with decaying vegetation seem to offer an open invitation to yellow fever and cholera.

"We explored the French Market, where everything under the sun is offered for sale in every patois imaginable, including the Choctaw, in which a withered squaw with a bright-eyed papoose tied to her back, hawked her beaded things and eagle feathers. We went for a Sunday 'fish-breakfast' at a French restaurant in the rambling old market. We explored the old French quarter, once the haunt of the 'haut ton' but now quaint and ancient enough. We were shown the house where Lafitte, the pirate, lived, loved, was married and died the conventional 'death in bed,' so little to be expected of a daredevil like he was. The old Cathedral of St. Louis, full of wonders and storied interest—the shrines, the cemeteries, Custom-house, Mint, etc., claim one's attention, and the sight-seeing is incomplete till one visits the jetties, the Gulf, Chalmette, and the two most noted pleasure resorts—West End and Spanish Fort, where one's first exclamation is: 'Arcadian pure and simple!' But the exquisite flowers, the fountains filled with gold and scarlet fish, the maze or labyrinth composed of jessamine hedge, the moss-draped live-oaks, the ponds of huge alligators, swings for children, all out-door appliances for innocent pleasure, disguise but fail to conceal the real nature of the place.

Gambling in every form, billiards, cards, games of all sorts go on all day Sunday. New Orleans is said by those capable of judging to be more like old-world cities than any other in America."

Rose LANE BROWN, Athens, Tennessee.

As a general thing we like to confine our letters to those dealing with our own country, its wonders, its inventions and its industries; but this year when so many are going abroad, it will be well for us to wander a little also and we will begin by taking a peep at the old town of Rouen, France, and the monument there erected to Joan of Arc.

"While on my way from Paris to the seaport Dieppe to cross the English Channel we stopped off for a day in Rouen, one of the oldest and most historic of the cities of France. It existed in the days of Julius Caesar and later on was the capital of Normandy and the home of William the Conqueror.

"But the city of Rouen is especially interesting to the traveler for its connection with the life of

small remnant which tried to escape was massacred without mercy.

"Starved Rock" is on the south bank of the Illinois river in La Salle county, and upon the river front it rises one hundred and fifty-seven feet above the river. It is nearly circular in form with a level top containing half an acre. A deep gorge on the east, a valley on the south and west isolates it from neighboring bluffs, and its summit can only be reached by climbing up a series of ledges on the south side. Geologists assert that the valley of the Illinois was once the bed of a mighty prehistoric flood which has left its action on the soft sandstone in this valley, and that "Starved Rock" is a monument of that grinding and buffeting flood."

A. W. TAYLOR, Mt. Sterling, Ill.

Our next letter, on the Catlin Coal Mines, is, I suspect, written by one of my juvenile nephews; but, as his letter is well written it shall have a place among the rest. He says:

"Over the hole through which the coal is hoisted out there is a kind of scaffold which the cage runs up and down. On the north side there is a pair of scales and the coal is dumped into this by means of a self-dumping cage. By the side of the scales stands a man who takes down the weight of the cars of coal and then dumps them into the shaker screen which separates the slack from the nut coal. Both slack and nut coal are dumped into flat cars and hauled away. On the south side is a large brick building inside of which is the engine which hoists the coal. Now we will go into the mine. The cage gives the engineer three bells and the cage is lowered to the ground landing. As it sinks with you feel as if you were falling. Now we are at the bottom, and you may take your choice as to whether you will walk or ride. Suppose we ride. We enter the car, the driver cracks his whip and off start the mules down the path. Here we are at the working part of the mines. Men are busy getting out the coal by means of picks or loading it on cars like that in which we ride."

OSCAR PATI, VanderCook, Ill.

Now we have a "tale of the Spanish war," which war has not yet, I take it, lost its interest for my readers.

"Among the many relics of our late war there are none which attracts so much attention or which so impress one with the destructiveness of modern warfare as the ex-Spanish cruiser, *Reina Mercedes*. This ship arrived at Old Point Comfort on the ninth of May, and after remaining there in quarantine for a week was brought directly to the navy yard at Portsmouth, Virginia.

"The cruiser is now in the dry dock undergoing temporary repairs; after which she will be sent to Portsmouth, N. H., where she will probably be used as a receiving ship. Her hull is staunch, but her decks and machinery are so badly wrecked from shells and rust that to put her in fighting trim would cost more money than our Government feels justified in expending. At first sight of the ship one is surprised at her old and battle-scarred appearance. Her hull is pierced in many places with great, jagged rents, which have been patched



MONUMENT OF JOAN OF ARC, ROUEN, FRANCE.

Joan of Arc. It was here that the poor, unfortunate Maid of Orleans was brought after having been captured by the English, and where she was finally burned at the stake. The city of Rouen was at that time (1431) a British possession. There is now to be seen the remains of a tower of an old castle in which Joan was imprisoned, tried and put to the rack. The tower is called after her name. In the square near by is a statue of this remarkable heroine erected on the very spot, it is said, where she met her tragic death.

"Not far from here can be seen an ancient bell tower (*Grosse Horloge*), built in 1389. In this tower, in olden time, hung the curfew bell which was rung for fifteen minutes every evening to remind the inhabitants that it was time to turn in, and woe to him who did not heed its warning. He was either thrashed by the watch or robbed by the thieves. One of the most beautiful Gothic cathedrals in all Europe is at Rouen. It was built in the thirteenth century, and has twenty-five chapels and numerous monuments. Henry the Second is buried here, also the heart of Richard Coeur de Lion. One of the towers of the cathedral, called the 'Butter tower' (*Tour de Buerre*), takes its name from the fact that it was erected by means of the money paid by people for permission to eat butter during Lent. The church of Saint Ouen, not far from the cathedral, is another magnificent specimen of Gothic architecture.

"Many of the streets of Rouen are well and regularly built with fine modern stone houses adorning them. But much of the city consists of old, picturesque streets and squares, with tall, quaintly carved, wooden-bound and gabled houses. Some of the streets are very narrow, so narrow that you can stand in the middle of them and reach out to touch houses on either side. As we wandered about here looking at the ancient houses, we could easily believe ourselves transported back a few hundred years. But we were suddenly made to realize that we were living in the every-day nineteenth century, for right above our heads, decorating one of the oldest of the buildings, we spied in plain English the advertisement of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup! We left Rouen feeling that no matter how far we might travel in foreign parts we could never get away from enterprising America."

ELIZABETH WOOD, Batavia, N. Y.

Let people say what they will of the beauties and wonders of foreign lands, yet I cannot help feeling that our own country is the best and the most beautiful of them all, and so let us come back to it and visit one of its historic bits of scenery as described in the next letter.

"One of the most romantic and historic spots in Illinois is Starved Rock, around which many events of interest have taken place since first visited by white men. In September, 1673, Marquette, Joliet, five oarsmen and two Indian interpreters sailed up the Illinois river, being the first time a white man had ever seen the waters of the 'Lone and sluggish Illinois'.

"The first use made of the Rock was by La Salle, who, with Tonti, came to this section in 1680, and resolved to build a fort on 'Le Rocher' as he named it. He and Tonti spent some time at the 'great town' of the Illini Indians situated about one mile west of the Rock on the north bank of the river.

"The French, at that time, intended to build a chain of forts from Canada to Louisiana and found a mighty empire in the Mississippi valley and La Salle intended the fort at 'Le Rocher' to be one of the principal forts in the chain. In December, 1682, the French soldiers dragged the logs up the steep sides of 'Le Rocher' and constructed Fort St. Louis on its summit. Shortly after La Salle returned to France and never returned to this region, as he was assassinated while on an expedition in Texas. Tonti remained in command, but the forces and defenses melted away and in 1700 all that remained was a few stakes of the stockade.

"About the year 1770 occurred the melancholy event which gave to the cliff its present name. During a council of war, Pontiac, an Ottawa chief, was killed by an Illini brave. The Pottawatomies determined to destroy the Illini, who fled to the cliff now called 'Starved Rock,' and the Pottawatomies camped below to starve them out, and, after weary days of watching, succeeded; the ill-fated

everything presents the appearance of having been the target for a withering and well directed fire."

ASHBY WATKINS, Portsmouth, Va.

Now we will take a little trip to stern New England, but we will forget that she is at the present moment locked in ice and snow, and will try to view her in her summer aspects, as we read the following letter.

"Old Orchard Beach is one of the principal seaside resorts of the country, situated on the shores of the eastern part of Maine, and Casco Bay. The facilities for bathing here are exceedingly good, and the beach, which has a long, hard, level margin of sand at low tide, making a delightful spot for ball games, bicycle riding, croquet, and other pastimes, is, of course, the principal attraction. Not very many pretty things were to be found on these sands of the sea. I could see nothing except the ubiquitous clam shell, sand dollar, (so called) star fish, sea weed and sea moss.

"Everybody who goes to Old Orchard takes a walk on the steel pier which is well worth inspection. It is said to be over two thousand feet long, and one hundred and twenty-five feet wide, and is protected by a stout railing. At the ocean end is a pretty casino where one may buy almost anything in the way of eatables, soda and souvenirs, and be entertained with band concerts. A train of miniature cars runs the length of this pier. This train is not so small, however, but that it will accommodate thirty-two adults. Each car is an open seat, and will serve but one person. The train is drawn by a cunning little engine which boasts of a starting little whistle and a musical little bell.

"The steam cars take one from Old Orchard to the large city of Portland, twelve miles away, and to its fascinating harbor attractions, and both

steam cars and electrics run to the interesting towns of Saco and Biddeford. Saco river is separated from the ocean by an enormous stone breakwater, against which the breakers dash defiantly. Biddeford Pool, situated near, is only saved from being romantic by its abundant supply of lobsters. The pool itself is a bit treacherous and fascinating.

"I cannot close this article without reference to the unique little peanutena team, which in summer was seen daily at Old Orchard. The body of this conveyance, which was highly polished, resembled a peanut, placed horizontally on wheels, and had a compartment in the back, containing a confection called peanutena, which was offered for sale. Above this body was a high seat, on which sat a pretty little girl, about seven years of age, fancifully dressed, and skillfully driving tandem two little donkeys wearing fine apparel and tinkling bells."

G. H. LOWELL, Newport, N. H.

Our cousin, Beular Keller, sends us a description of her home which makes me wish it were summer, so that I might travel there and get a drink from the cool "poplar spring." She says:

"About fifty or sixty years ago when this land was all in woods there were very few people settled in the country around. The main road ran through here and close to the road stood two large poplar trees between which was a strong spring of the best water in the country. This being before the railroad was built through here large droves of cattle were often driven through from one place to another. They always made this one of their watering stations. The man who then owned the land, cleared a portion which was close to the road, and built there, over the spring, a large log house, three stories in height. Here he kept a tavern and post office and also a small grocery. The place was called Poplar Spring, by which name it is still known.

"Then a wealthy man bought the farm, tore down the old house and built upon its site a large brick house which contains, besides its many rooms above ground, four cellars. One of these, containing the spring, is called the dairy cellar, and is six feet deep. There are two other springs in the cellar and two long trenches. These are all dug from the solid rock, and all the cellars have cemented floors. The water is very cool and refreshing, and in the dry weather is of great abundance. One of the cellars is very dark, there being but one door. This cellar is used for keeping fruit in the winter, as it is impossible for fruit to freeze in the dark cellar.

"There are two outside buildings, also of brick, one being the smoke house and the other a store house for wood and coal. All are surrounded by brick pavements."

BEULAR KELLER, Cameron, West Va.

And now my space is full and I must reluctantly adjourn the meeting and bid my nieces and nephews good-by for a season.

AUNT MINERVA.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for **FREE**, \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 331 E Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A POCKET MIRROR.

See yourself as others see you. One of our large imitation aluminum covered pocket mirrors for the boys and girls at school, for the teachers, for men in the woods. Just 5 cents for one with our latest premium supplement.

Golden Moments, Augusta, Maine.

Agents, Perfumes etc. on credit. Big Profit. Express Pd. Terms free. Herbene Co., Box 4, Station L, New York.

CHICAGO HOUSEHOLD GUEST 50 cents a year. Sample copy free on application.

Farmers Notice. Eight pounds butter made from one gallon milk; no chemicals, recipe 50c. Box 723, Chicago, Ill.

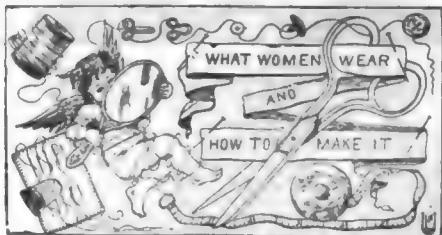
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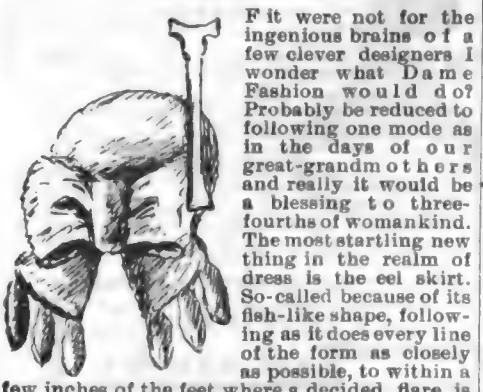
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WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.



few inches of the feet where a decided flare is arranged, with considerable train at the center of the back. Understand, there is no vestige of a ripple or fold of fullness at either side or back; indeed it is a mystery how one walks in the skirt, and, in point of fact it has made a new gait necessary, a sort of glide quite fascinating to behold, and perfectly in harmony with the snake-like appearance of the skirt.

The first skirt of this sort I saw was worn by an actress; one whose gowns are always Parisienne and whose good taste is unquestionable. The skirt was composed entirely of white sequins overlapping each other like the scales of a fish and mounted on a white silk material as elastic as rubber; at the foot it widens perceptibly into quite a frou-frou showing underneath masses of chiffon and net set on in flounces and plaitings.

Over this was worn a redingote of black guipure lace reaching to the knees at the front and ending in the train at the back. The use of pleats in the skirt is becoming more and more usual without becoming at all common. One of the newest models has the entire skirt laid in narrow side pleats in clusters of three, all around the skirt, each pleat stitched flatly as far as the knees, where they were allowed to assume their natural fullness. In spite of all that has been said against it, this style skirt is destined to be a feature among new ideas.

An exceedingly swell gown I have in mind is made of soft violet wool, the skirt side pleated, each pleat stitched in long points to within a quarter of a yard of the foot, where the flare begins. The bodice is round, and carries out the side-pleated effect, each pleat stitched to match the skirt and apparently fastened in place by a cluster of tiny jeweled buttons. There are tiny revers of a paler shade of violet velour, opening over a guimpe of white mousse-line de soie shirred so finely as to make it a question how it was accomplished. The collar is a mixture of the velour, mousse-line de soie and narrow black velvet. The sleeves are remarkably dainty, the only trimming being of course at the hand. The sleeve proper ends abruptly within four inches of the wrist, and is finished with a small, pointed cuff of velour. From under this comes a snug sleeve of the shirred white stuff with tiny frills about the hand edged with black velvet.

The shops are filled with all sorts of wonderful new things in the way of outer garments, most of which are, however, regulated to carriage wear because of their unusual elaborateness. The raglan is an especially graceful garment and has no fitting seam whatever except a graceful curve under the arm. The most expensive of these are built of fur, with

enhanced with trimmings of flowers, lace, or plumage just like any other hat. It goes without saying that any girl of commonplace beauty would be transformed into a queen in such a rig. Then there are raglans of cloth; beautiful shades of palest gray and biscuit in Meltons and Kersseys, some with tailor-stitched finishings (and these are the most possible for street wear), while the more elegant ones have decorations of velvet, lace, or fur as the case may be.

From the raglan to the new-market is only a step, and this latter garment is now very much favored. In the sketch is shown a new model built of slate gray Melton, fitting easily at the back, and loosely at the front. The shawl collar is trimmed with a band of the cloth stitched as the rest of the coat.

A cute little coat adapted to smart wear, is displayed here also. It is made of black velvet with no back seams, and is set off by the odd collar of white broadcloth (the hip pieces and cuffs matching), stitched with white silk. The rolling collar has a facing of ermine.

A word about housegowns would probably not be amiss just now. I saw such a sweet, simple thing which might be copied in any material or color without being expensive. The material was dead white mohair, very silky and fine. The narrow skirt had an attached flounce headed with a thick cord of the material. This was worn in drop-skirt fashion over a petticoat of pale violet silk which did service for several gowns made in that way. The round bodice was in Spencer fashion brought with a very slight fullness into a crushed belt of white taffeta fastened simply at the front by a small rosette. A tiny guimpe of lace showed at the throat with the stock of the same, wired to stand up properly, and bound at the top with black velvet. The army sleeves were set off by tiny drooping cuff of lace with the velvet binding.

I might, with profit, tell you how a girl I know is fixing over an old plaid dress, the material of which was good, but the design entirely out of date. The skirt which was plain, and much fuller than is worn now, was cut over after a sheath model and cut off just below the knees, where a circular flounce of plain material of the color predominating in the plaid was put on. The old plaid waist was used as a foundation, for warmth as much as anything, and had a smart little vest of white broadcloth set on, overlaid by crossed bands of narrow black velvet ribbon, the pointed ends fastened by tiny steel ornaments. A short Eton of

the plain stuff was worn over this, the sleeves small and plain and long over the hand. It had a tiny coat collar and revers and, with its rows of even stitching, had a genuine tailor-like air. With it was worn a small soft toque of velvet to match, with an edging of fur and a quill at the side. Such a smart ball frock as has just been finished, and before it was packed away in its swathings of tissue paper, I was allowed a peep at its daintiness. All white, a dead white, too, unrelieved by so much as a touch of color. The foundation was dead white satin. The skirt very sheath-like and clinging, with decided frou-frou at the feet; over this a soft fall of creamy white chiffon, accordion plaited; and over all this the outside skirt of white Brussels net laid in fine perpendicular tucks, an enormous amount of stuff employed in its makeup. On the satin underskirt was set flounce after flounce of pleated net and chiffon, so that at every step of the wearer billows of frothy white could be seen. The tiny bodice was of the tucked net over thin stuffs like the skirt and was cut from shoulder to shoulder, with a flat decoration of beautiful lace on its edge, the pattern brought out in heavy white cord. Over the shoulders are twisted ribbons of white velvet while this same velvet is made into rose-like rosettes in a festoon beginning at the left shoulder, crossing the bust to the waist where a twist of velvet finishes it. It is all very simple but is very deceptive as to its real cost. It could be successfully copied in black, with the velvet trimmings of any color desired.

Women who suffer with ailments peculiar to their sex, from stooping shoulders, weak back and general ill-health or lack of strength and vitality, will be interested in the advertisement of "The Natural Body Brace" in another column. Husbands and friends of such women will be interested in it also. The company's high standing and pleasing business methods are vouched for by the leading banks throughout the country and by many thousands of customers. Satisfaction is guaranteed by the fact that the full purchase price is refunded to anyone not pleased after 30 days' trial. The Brace is comfortable and invigorating. It brings light step, graceful figure, and good health. It enables weakly women to walk, work, ride a wheel or play tennis or golf, with ease and pleasure. It is free from all the objectionable features of other supports and treatments. It does away with pessaries. We suggest that you read the advertisement and write at once for free book and full particulars.

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EASILY EARNED BY LADIES, GIRLS and BOYS
taking 3 orders per day for each of our Brands
of Soaps, Perfumes, etc. Particulars & Catalog
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enhanced with trimmings of flowers, lace, or plumage just like any other hat. It goes without saying that any girl of commonplace beauty would be transformed into a queen in such a rig. Then there are raglans of cloth; beautiful shades of palest gray and biscuit in Meltons and Kersseys, some with tailor-stitched finishings (and these are the most possible for street wear), while the more elegant ones have decorations of velvet, lace, or fur as the case may be.

From the raglan to the new-market is only a step, and this latter garment is now very much favored. In the sketch is shown a new model built of slate gray Melton, fitting easily at the back, and loosely at the front. The shawl collar is trimmed with a band of the cloth stitched as the rest of the coat.

A cute little coat adapted to smart wear, is displayed here also. It is made of black velvet with no back seams, and is set off by the odd collar of white broadcloth (the hip pieces and cuffs matching), stitched with white silk. The rolling collar has a facing of ermine.

A word about housegowns would probably not be amiss just now. I saw such a sweet, simple thing which might be copied in any material or color without being expensive. The material was dead white mohair, very silky and fine. The narrow skirt had an attached flounce headed with a thick cord of the material. This was worn in drop-skirt fashion over a petticoat of pale violet silk which did service for several gowns made in that way. The round bodice was in Spencer fashion brought with a very slight fullness into a crushed belt of white taffeta fastened simply at the front by a small rosette. A tiny guimpe of lace showed at the throat with the stock of the same, wired to stand up properly, and bound at the top with black velvet. The army sleeves were set off by tiny drooping cuff of lace with the velvet binding.

I might, with profit, tell you how a girl I know is fixing over an old plaid dress, the material of which was good, but the design entirely out of date. The skirt which was plain, and much fuller than is worn now, was cut over after a sheath model and cut off just below the knees, where a circular flounce of plain material of the color predominating in the plaid was put on. The old plaid waist was used as a foundation, for warmth as much as anything, and had a smart little vest of white broadcloth set on, overlaid by crossed bands of narrow black velvet ribbon, the pointed ends fastened by tiny steel ornaments. A short Eton of

the plain stuff was worn over this, the sleeves small and plain and long over the hand. It had a tiny coat collar and revers and, with its rows of even stitching, had a genuine tailor-like air. With it was worn a small soft toque of velvet to match, with an edging of fur and a quill at the side. Such a smart ball frock as has just been finished, and before it was packed away in its swathings of tissue paper, I was allowed a peep at its daintiness. All white, a dead white, too, unrelieved by so much as a touch of color. The foundation was dead white satin. The skirt very sheath-like and clinging, with decided frou-frou at the feet; over this a soft fall of creamy white chiffon, accordion plaited; and over all this the outside skirt of white Brussels net laid in fine perpendicular tucks, an enormous amount of stuff employed in its makeup. On the satin underskirt was set flounce after flounce of pleated net and chiffon, so that at every step of the wearer billows of frothy white could be seen. The tiny bodice was of the tucked net over thin stuffs like the skirt and was cut from shoulder to shoulder, with a flat decoration of beautiful lace on its edge, the pattern brought out in heavy white cord. Over the shoulders are twisted ribbons of white velvet while this same velvet is made into rose-like rosettes in a festoon beginning at the left shoulder, crossing the bust to the waist where a twist of velvet finishes it. It is all very simple but is very deceptive as to its real cost. It could be successfully copied in black, with the velvet trimmings of any color desired.

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ONE MILLION TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND COPIES,
Each and Every Issue.

Or Exceeding 15 Millions A Year.

1900 has many proud distinctions over its sister years. Among them is the fact that it can be expressed in fewer Roman numerals than any year of the last hundred. M. C. M. it reads. For the first time the Roman numerals have the advantage of brevity.

The American nation has one marked race peculiarity. It really can't live up to the idea of a hero. In fact when it makes popular heroes of the men who have done great deeds it becomes so hysterical and exclamatory that the reaction is inevitable. It has followed in every case of hero worship. Admiral Dewey took the matter too seriously when a noisy storm of protest arose on his transference of his gift house to his wife. We certainly can not criticise the French for their fickle ways when we give such an exhibition. Back of all the noise is the sober sense of the nation that is not noisy with praise or hysterical with blame. That element has supported the Admiral.

New Year resolutions seem part of a past system. The restless modern is not much given to self examination. He does not search his own soul for lapses in thought or his actions for failures in word or deed. Consequently he has little use for celebrating the New Year by any reform resolutions. He prefers to make vague general promises of improvement and to ignore special instances. Washington's Rules for conduct show the searching self criticism of an earlier generation. We of these later days don't promise much to ourselves and so are spared any feeling of condemnation by failure. New Year resolutions certainly must be good resolutions but the modern unregenerate takes few of such passing contracts. We are satisfied to allow the place nameless to ears polite to keep the pavement it acquired during the years when human nature was more morbidly conscientious.

We have "fin-de-siecle'd" so much that we have worn out the idea before the fact arrived. It has come at last 1900. The year's end always makes a momentary pause even in the rush and sweep of modern life. We have a moment of "hind sight" and another moment of "fore sight" and then the present with its insistent, persistent clamor shuts out the past and leaves no moment of speculation as to the future. When the end of the year and the end of the century come together it cannot be lightly passed. The changes that the century has wrought make even the most careless thoughtfull. Pages could hardly outline the political, social and scientific development of the century. The greatest political change has been the death of absolute rule and the growth of representative government. Even the least optimistic person must feel that the world has grown better. The privilege of witnessing the close of a century comes but once in a lifetime and to but few people. The New Year issues on the Twentieth Century. Hail and farewell!

The Department of Labor has recently published a report containing a list of 1300 women's clubs. The names furnish an interesting study and some throw light upon the object of the club. In other cases the names are veritable puzzles. Five languages have been searched for appellations for the clubs—English, American, Indian, Latin, French and Greek. Eblitiscipom may seem an imposing name but one has an awestruck feeling when he realizes that the fearful and wonderful com-

bination means philosophy, literature, science, music and art. Certainly no "pent up Utica" restrains the powers of that club. Among the peculiar names are Olla Podrida, Tekeosnoon, Old Maids Social Club, La Coterie, the U & I Club, Emette Lucem Tuam, Ossoli, Wixson, Hypatia, and Igdrasil. Over the Tea Cups is a favorite name and the glories of Sorosis repeat themselves even to the wilds of Skowhegan. The Sphinx and the Entre Nous convey a suggestion of secrecy that ill accords with the popular conception of women's weak point. One club evidently gave up the task of searching for cognomen and indicated their frame of mind by calling their club the "What's in a Name" Club. At least half of the thirteen hundred names depart from the beaten track of the "Woman's Club of Blankville" and ransack five languages for significant titles. The purposes and papers of these clubs seem serious and learned enough to dismay any really frivolous person who may have associated tea, tattle and tatting with any gathering of women. But the inclinations to coquette with the muses in a distinctly feminine fashion is shown in the names.

The science of electricity is, comparatively speaking, in its infancy. It has opened a new field of work and the positions calling for expert labor are highly paid. It is estimated that at least fifty women in the United States have taken courses in electricity and a fair proportion of women are earning a good livelihood, either as practical electricians or as lecturers or teachers of the subject. In the manufacture of the tiny filament used in electric light bulbs, women are conceded to be the best workers. They have a lightness and deftness of touch that fits them for the work. Hundreds of women are employed in these factories. The field for women in the lines of electricity requiring expert knowledge is a broad one. In proportion to the numbers who have made a special study of the science the per cent. of actual business success is very high. In fact the results show that it is a more promising field than law, theology or even medicine. One of the five examiners in the electrical department of the patent office is a woman. The largest number of inventions by women are in the line of medical electricity. Some of the physicians who have made the greatest success of electrical treatment are women. The field is certainly widening, the few who have entered it have won more than average success. There is a fascination in the study, practical and immediate financial return for expert knowledge and opportunity to pursue the study at Universities and technical schools. It is far more practical than many of the fields which women are striving to enter. All in all, the woman in search of a vocation may fare worse than to turn her attention to this wonderful science.

Queen Victoria has presented 100,000 pounds of chocolate to her soldiers in South Africa. This fact has been the cause of much merriment especially to the French newspaper people. There is an historical significance in the act that is lost to the average observer. It shows the wide gulf between the position of an English sovereign to-day and the time when the King led his troops to battle while his crown trembled in the balance. Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen, rode before her army who were mustered to repel the attack of the Spanish. She exhorted them to fight and cried, "I have the heart of a King and of a King of England, too, and think foul scorn that Parma or Spain or any prince of Europe should dare to invade the borders of my realm." George II. was the last English king who personally led his troops in battle. In the War of the Austrian Succession or King George's War, as it was called in this country, he led the English at the great battle of Dettingen. Here he dismounted from his horse and waving his sword cried: "Come boys, now behave like men and the French will soon run." Those times and that spirit seem far separated from modern ways. The spirit is really the same, however, as the one that prompts the English Queen to make her gift of chocolate. It is the substance rather than the spirit of the gift that awakens mirth. It would seem that Queen Victoria might be familiar with a scene in a modern play where a fugitive soldier takes refuge in a house and is found eagerly devouring chocolate creams. He declares that they are the best campaign ration for a soldier as chocolate will support life longer than any other food. Whether it be philosophy or philanthropy the soldiers have their chocolate and the public has had its fun.

There are few topics that furnish a wider field for theory than does the topic of the nutritive value of foods. After centuries of medical investigation we are not yet sure whether man flourishes best on a meat or a vegetable diet, whether coffee, tea, tobacco or alcoholic beverages are really harmful or just what elements and what proportions are most conducive to perfect health. We have a scientific assertion to one effect from some authority only to find it contradicted by another. Average humanity goes calmly, placidly on eating everything that comes in its way without the slightest regard to "what's in it." Nature seems to have fitted man out with the possibility of adapting himself to everything in the food line except the want of it. The latest turn that discussion has taken is not the theory of "what to eat" but the practice of not eating at all. The reform began first by the strenuous advocacy of the practice of going without breakfast. We were ill because we ate too much, said these reformers. Breakfast was accordingly stricken from the list. The excitement over a breakfastless condition of existence lapsed when suddenly some of the city papers commenced a protest against the lunch habit. Lunch was an unnecessary evil, the system did not require the food and it took much valuable time. People would be healthier and richer if they omitted the midday lunch. Then came the attack on the dinner at six o'clock. We can imagine the consternation of an earnest seeker after truth and health who endeavored to follow the advice of all these people until he found himself breakfastless, dinnerless and supperless. His only hope lies in the adoption of some of the concentrated foods. Science is determined to do away with eating as a function and the food of the future will contain all the necessary elements to nourish the human mechanism but it will take

the form of pellets or tablets. One of these may be quickly swallowed and the machine will have been fed so it can run. Eating as a function will entirely disappear. No more shall we hear of the "festive board" or of after dinner speakers. No one can be inspired to eloquence merely by bolting a tablet. The labor of the world will be lessened more than half. No dishes to wash, no marketing to do, the year's food supply can be purchased in a moment and the tablets dealt out to each person. The advocates of concentrated food are quite as scientific as the advocates of no food at all. Average humanity will doubtless continue to "eat to live," the few will still "live to eat," and the vegetarian, the fruit-and-nut diet people and the people who don't believe in any diet at all will still argue. It is doubtless well to direct popular attention to the topic, but the scientific side is yet to be solved and the "theories" only furnish fresh opportunity to people who cultivate fads.

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LIST OF THE PIECES OFFERED AT THIS TIME.

| NO. VOICE AND PIANO OR ORGAN. |
|---|
| 165 American Liberty March |
| 166 Ancients Aloud, March—Two Step |
| 247 Artist's Life Waltz |
| 181 Auld Lang Syne, Variations |
| 187 Austrian Song, Op. 69, 1 |
| 215 Battle of Waterloo, Descriptive |
| 179 Beauties of Paradise Waltz, 4 hands |
| 227 Beautiful Blue Danube Waltz |
| 65 Bell of Corneville Waltz |
| 213 Black Hawk Waltz |
| 221 Bluebird Echo Polka |
| 199 Boston Commandery March |
| 109 British March from Lohengrin |
| 228 British and Scotch March |
| 133 Cadences and Scales in all Keys |
| 132 Catherine Waltz |
| 237 Cherokee Roses Waltz, 4 hands |
| 145 Clayton (Adjutant) March—Two Step |
| 217 Cleveland's March |
| 81 Coming from the Races Galop |
| 211 Corn Flower Waltzes |
| 41 Crack Four March |
| 71 Crystal Dew Waltz |
| 235 Day Dawn Polka |
| 163 Dewey's Grand Triumphal March |
| 117 Echoing Trumpets March |
| 121 Electric Light Galop |
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| 145 Evergreen Waltz |
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| 77 Fifth Nocturne |
| 233 Flirting in the Starlight Waltz |
| 239 Flower Song, Op. 39 |
| 97 Fresh Love |
| 177 Frolic of the Frogs |
| 49 Full of Ginger, March Galop |
| 183 Golden Rain, Nocturne |
| 147 Grand Commandery March—Two Step |
| 53 Greeting from the Spring, op. 21 |
| 185 Bright and Haunting We Still |
| 186 Hobo of the Merriment Waltz |
| 179 Home Sweet Home, Transcription |
| 17 Impassioned Dream Waltz |
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| 157 Last Hope, Meditation |
| 195 Leap Year Schottische |
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| 99 Maiden's Prayer, The |
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| 240 Martha Selections |
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MY THOUGHTS ARE ALL OF THEE.

WORDS BY C. R.

MUSIC BY R. C. GARLAND.

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F. H. GILSON COMPANY, MUSIC TYPOGRAPHERS, BOSTON, U. S. A.

PADEREWSKI'S HAND SHAKE.

The return of Ignace Paderewski for a season's tour in America makes everything told of the great pianist of double interest. *COMFORT* remembers hearing a well-known musical critic telling of meeting him at a dinner given in one of our great centers; and on being asked what impressed him most about the artist, replied it was his handshake.

"Why," said he, "to shake hands with him is an experience one never forgets, I don't mean on account of the distinguished honor, but because of the tremendous impression of actual power one gets. I can't remember that I ever shook hands with a man having such a grip. You feel as if your hand were in a double-levered press and it will bring tears to your eyes."

"While we were talking over the success of the evening a reporter came in and Paderewski, in the height of an enthusiastic burst, seized his hand from above in a quick, nervous grasp

like the spring of a trap. As he poured into the journalist's ear a few words of excited thanks for something he had written he proceeded to turn on the pressure.

"The long, white slender fingers were like the lips of a vise while through them shot a pressure only to be likened to the charging of a wire with electricity of many meters force and rushing down into his finger tips. Thus he cordially shook the crushed and limp hand of the writer, who stood unconsciously writhing in pain, while the player turned on alternating currents by way of emphasizing his rapidly articulated words.

"Why, his hands are as muscular as a prize-fighter's. He shakes hands with the same nerve and force as he plays any of his musical gems. There is nervous force, tenacity, energy and grip in him if his handshake is anything to be guided by."

The long winter evenings are with us once more and again the piano and organ are doing their share of the work in entertaining. Don't

bore your friends and neighbors with the worn and hackneyed pieces which our grandfathers enjoyed, but play and sing the latest and best compositions. The place to get the latest, best and most popular is through the wonderful music offer *COMFORT* makes every reader on another page. Turn to it now while you think of it.

The Passing of the Coon Song.

As has often been pointed out in the musical department of *COMFORT*, the conditions and environments often cause an epoch of music and songs of a distinct character, be it gloomy or gay. The civil war was the greatest producer of sentimental music we have ever had in America, and it was a lack of inspiration in the musical line that caused many people to consider the late Spanish war merely one of commercial interest and not a sentimental matter. In England there is to-day an outburst of patriotic music caused by the Boer war, which has scarcely ever been equalled in history.

This thought is caused by the wave of popularity which has existed since the introduction of "coon" songs in America. These old darky songs and lullabies were first made really popular by that gifted actress, May Irwin, whose instant and continued success in a white-faced portrayal and imitation of the lusty, healthy darky wench has done more to make this style music popular than anything else. Of late we have had a surfeit of coon song and what is called "rag time" music. All being either negro melody or imitations of it, generally in two-step time. But after a while too much sweet will cloy and it is evident that the coon song has had its day. From the day when every music store window held nothing but cartoon music pages of cake walks and negro dudes, we are coming to a line of more dignified and artistic music.

The new sentimental song written more in accord with our old ideas of merit and sentiment are coming back and the day of the coon and the cake is slowly and surely drawing to a close. Popular as this style music has been it is doubtful if any of it will be long remembered.



CONDUCTED BY EVERETT G. WHEELMAN.

HERE seems to be no end to the inventions by which the bicycle is to be made to serve Uncle Sam—from its use as a postal carrier up to its utility in war. The latest idea comes from a Yankee inventor and is nothing less than a huge fighting machine, the picture of which is shown on this page. It is, in fact nothing more nor less than a gigantic military automobile—a fort on wheels, big enough to run right over the enemy's entrenchments, and occupied by a force of soldiers sufficiently large to be termed a garrison.

The wheels of this automobile fortress are to be fifty feet in diameter, provided with pneumatic tires to enable it to run more easily over hostile earthworks, and the body of the vehicle is clad in steel armor, impenetrable to rifle bullets or cannon shot. Through suitable windows, or portholes, if they may be so termed, project rapid-fire guns—one-pounders and six-pounders, with perhaps a couple of Colt "automatics" to throw a continuous rain of small bullets. Meanwhile through smaller openings, the soldiers are able to direct a destructive fire upon the foe with Krag-Jorgensen rifles.

One advantage of this new war machine is that it travels so fast as easily to overtake the enemy. Of course they may attempt to run away, but what will be the use when they can so readily be caught up with? Besides, a traveling fort—a contrivance appalling in its very novelty—is likely to paralyze them with terror. It should be explained that the giant automobile may be run either by gasoline or electricity.

Another point worth mentioning is that machines of this description may be built in this country and forwarded in sections to be put together and sent into the field. One may easily imagine half a dozen of them at the seat of war operating together in a battle with the enemy, rushing upon their entrenchments, over-running them, crushing the fugitives beneath the huge wheels, and demolishing regiment after regiment with storms of projectiles discharged from above. The demoralizing effect likely to be produced is easily imagined.

Each of these military automobiles is provided with a sort of apparatus in front which somewhat resembles in shape the cowcatcher of a locomotive engine. It is armed with bayonet-like knives, and in action it will serve to scoop up and cut in pieces thousands of fighting men. On top of the perambulating fortress is an armored casemate, cylindrical in form, which provides a safe shelter for eight or ten riflemen.

"If you intend cycling through the winter months, it is well to have your spokes thoroughly examined," says a veteran. "Sometimes the fitting of the heads through the steel rim is loosened; water enters and the tires get damp and rot sets in. A little touch of enamel about the spoke heads would be serviceable in resisting wet. Tires rarely wear out; they succumb to rot. From painful experience I have found that if damp gets in between rubber and canvas they will not dry in a tight, inflated tire."

A new brake for a bicycle which will be seen next spring has a rod connected with the saddle, and this rod has at the other end the usual rubber skid. The saddle works on a lever, and when the rider wishes to apply the brake he slightly leans back and down goes the brake on the back tire. Happily the number of brakeless riders is decreasing. Men are getting a better appreciation of the value of their necks. Still, there are riders who do not fancy brakes, relying on their back pedalling. Should they be going down a steep incline and find they are not strong enough in back pedalling to keep absolute control, let them slip one hand under the back of their saddle and grip it tight. The power of resistance is vastly increased.

The front forks are subjected to a severe test in uphill riding. It is at this point that the greatest number of breakages occur. Indeed, in the last two seasons, since cheaper bicycles have come so much in general use, bicycle repairers find that about one-fifth of their work comes from this source, the smash occurring mostly at the crown. As a bicycle is rendered useless by such an occurrence wheelmen should make sure that the forks are strengthened at the crown. In the cheaper grades of machines this important point is too often neglected, it is said.

Two items are necessary to prevent side slipping—a well inflated tire and even pedalling. It should be noticed that tandem tires, in particular, require to be pumped commensurate with the extra weight they have to carry. A tire that is well inflated is a tire which presents less surface at the point of contact with the ground, and, as is readily un-

derstood, has a much firmer grip on the road.

Many wheelmen take their rides during the summer months as a sort of constitutional, because wheeling gives them the exercise that keeps them in good health. But with the approach of winter, damp weather and muddy roads, the "constitutional" is abandoned and the bicycle stowed away. Why should not these riders who do not care to brave miry roads and yet want cycling exercise, adopt what are known as home trainers? In England home trainers are unknown, but in this country they are common. The appliance is simple. There are two rollers on which rests the rear tire, and these rollers communicate with a forward roller, on which rests the front wheel. You cycle on these rollers—you pedal an immense distance but do not advance one inch. It takes a little practice to get into the way of the home trainer, but of its usefulness there is no doubt. In a contest on home trainers in a San Francisco Athletic Club each rider had a flying start, and the winner covered the mile in forty-eight seconds. This was accomplished by the absence of air resistance.

An incident in bicycle stealing is recounted by "The Irish Cyclist." A rider named Smith left his bicycle outside a shop. He emerged just in time to see a man named Munro riding away with it. He took the machine nearest to go in pursuit, and this was a tandem. One of the riders saw Smith take it and seizing another man's wheel, a single, went after Smith. The owner of the last mentioned wheel saw no other bicycle handy on which to give chase and jumped into a cab. Smith on the tandem finally caught Munro and the others coming up in turn got their bicycles and a satisfactory explanation. Munro was sentenced to two months. Evidently his pride was more wounded by the street episode than by the sentence, for he said that no single man on a tandem would have caught him had he not been riding in long trousers.

It looks as if the motor vehicle would follow closely in the track of the wheel. It was only a little more than ten years ago that "safeties" began to be a popular means of transportation, and ten years from now the motor carriage will no doubt have a permanent hold throughout this country.

To do away with the tool bag a Western man uses the interior of the handle bars for holding the pump, oiler, tire repair outfit, wrench, etc. The pump is telescopic, with a recess in the oiler and tool kit holder are

made in combination. Each grip is made with a bayonet clutch that locks the corresponding telescopic outfit. The rest of the interior of the handle bar may be used to carry a supply of carbide.

It is common knowledge that the majority of police gauge the pace of a wheelman by the speed at which his pedals are revolving. Thus the rider of a low gear often suffers for the sins of his high geared brother. But it is pointed out that those who use the free wheel will be able to completely mystify the vigilant policeman. The scorching, as soon as he sights the enemy, has

simply to cease pedaling, and sail by with the seraphic smile of the accomplished free wheeler. I frequently have requests for further information regarding inventions spoken of here, or to give addresses of inventors. These I cannot furnish. It would be better to apply to the United States Patent Office at Washington, D. C.

Can you use three dollars a day? Of course you can. Every person can. See back page of this paper.

DETECTIVE Shrewd, reliable man wanted in every locality. Act under orders; no experience necessary. For full particulars write American Detective Ass'n, Indianapolis, Ind.

ASTHMA FREE. If you suffer from any form of Asthma we want to send you free by mail, prepaid, a Bottle of the famous Kola Plant Compound. It is Nature's Sure Botanic Cure for the disease, and we guarantee that it will forever stop all your suffering. We are sending out 50,000 Bottles free by mail to sufferers, to prove the wonderful power of this New Discovery, and we will be pleased to send one to you. Send your name and address by postal card or letter. Address, The KOLA IMPORTING CO., No. 1164 Broadway, New York

\$1,000 FOR A CERTAIN OLD COIN.

WHILE there are some people who have a vague idea that coins issued 100 or 1000 years ago are worth fabulous sums, yet very few know that coins issued only a few years ago are at a large premium. For instance, the silver dollars of 1883 and many of the earlier ones. The first Columbian half-dollar, issued 1892, sold for \$1,000. All the half-dollars from 1879 to 1890 are at a premium, also Isabella quarters of 1883, the old issue of the quarters and half-dollars of 1883, twenty-cent pieces 1878 to 1879; five and three-cent pieces of 1879; last issue of the nickel cents; all gold dollars and the dollar gold pieces; first issue of the nickel cents; all gold dollars and the dollar gold pieces; all Territorial and California coins from 1849 to 1880; and thousands of earlier American and Foreign coins, Canadian especially. There is also a premium on some coins with **MIINT MARKS O, S, C, D or CC**; also on fractional currency, colonial, continental and Confederate bills and coins. That a coin was found in Galveston worth \$3,000. The **NEW YORK STAMP** found at Louisville, Ky. The **WORLD** says: "Many people have been wealthy by looking after old coins and stamps." The **HOME JOURNAL** says: "Coin and stamp collecting is a profitable business, as coins and stamps in one section are often easily found in others. A Boston buyer sold 116 copper coins for \$6.25, 29 silver coins for \$47.12, and 4 gold coins for \$21. and others have done nearly as well. MR. F. W. AYRE sold recently a lot of stamps, collected since 1892, to Stanley Gibbons for \$1,000. The **COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL NEWS** says: "The Numismatic Bank is not only the largest institution of its kind, but a reliable, safe and trustworthy to deal with as any National Bank. The enormous business done by them is the result of **SQUARE DEALING** and liberality." Send two stamps for our illustrated circular on rare coins and stamps, which may prove to be your stepping stone to wealth and independence. **NUMISMATIC BANK**, (Dept. C, Boston, Mass.)

Are Your Kidneys Weak? TRIAL TREATMENT FREE!!

To Sufferers from Kidney and Bladder Diseases, this is a Wonderful Offer. The Only Known Complete Cure sent to the Afflicted Free of Charge.

If you suffer from any chronic kidney or bladder disease, Bright's disease, diabetes, dropsy, inflammation of the membranes, stricture, calculous, or lithiasis, rheumatism, torpid liver, and in fact any disease occasioned by disorders of these important organs, and will send me your address at once, I will mail you absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE** a package of Dr. Bela's Specific, which is a standard medicine and sovereign cure for these diseases in every form and phase.

It is the product of the greatest of specialists in these complaints and has been used for years with most remarkable success. You should avail yourself at once of this splendid offer, for it costs you nothing and may save your life. There is no C. O. D. catch or fraud about it, the medicine is sent you free. Thousands of testimonials from men and women of all ages.

DR. D. A. WILLIAMS, East Hampton, Conn.

\$5.85

17 JEWELLED
adjusted, set in steel, wind and stem set, genuine
NATIONAL SPECIAL
MOVEMENT. Ladies or Gentlemen size. 14K. Gold plate hunting case, elegantly engraved. Fit for a King. No better watch made. Must be sent to be appraised. Special Offer for next 60 days, send your full name and address and we will send this watch C.O.D. with privilege to examine. If found satisfactory pay agent \$5.85 and express charges. A guarantee and beautiful chain and charm sent free with every watch. Price at once as this may not again be available.

NAT'L MFG. & IMPORTING CO.
224 Dearborn St., B. 218, Chicago, Ill.

Please mention COMFORT when you write.

GOLD WATCH or RING FREE!!

We give a beautiful gold plated watch, with a genuine American movement for selling only 10 packages of our new perfumes at 10 cents per package. Each watch is perfectly timed, regulated and guaranteed for one year, just the same as an Elgin or Waltham. We also give a gold filled ring, set with a genuine Zambesi diamond, guaranteed for two years for selling only 10 packages at 10 cents per package. These rings can be told from \$100.00 diamond rings, even by experts, and can easily be traded for other valuable property. You can sell our perfume very quickly as we give a fine gold ring to every person who buys perfume from you. **Send no money.** Simply send your name and address on a postal card and we will send you a catalog of our large premium list of costly presents and hundreds of testimonials from pleased customers. When perfume is sold, send us the money and we will send you the present at once. We take back perfume if you can't sell it. Address, **THE PERFUME HOUSE**, 571 Dearborn Street, Dept. J. I., Chicago, Ill.

but we have at last got a good sure glass cutter and while it is not a diamond it works to perfection. It will pay for itself in half an hour's time. How many times one wants to cut down glass to use in windows or picture framing etc. This cutter both cuts and separates very nicely. We will send one free postpaid for every 12 months' subscription. ADDRESS, **SUNSHINE**, Augusta, Maine.

PICTURES ON CREDIT —NO SECURITY ASKED—

We send you 4 beautiful large colored pictures, each 10 x 22, named "Christ in the Temple," "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," "The Life of Christ." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought at Art Stores for 500 each. You sell them for 25c each and send us the money and for your trouble we send you a handsome heavy gold plated ring, set with a beautiful brilliant stone, which looks much like diamonds. These rings are exceedingly handsome and cannot be told from genuine diamonds except by an expert. If you sell 12 we give you a handsome Silver Dish, a beauty. If you sell 12 we give you a nice Watch or a dozen Silver plated Tea Spoons. The watch is carefully regulated and guaranteed a good time keeper. The spoons are gold plated and guaranteed to wear well. Our pictures are works of art and our prices are valuable. Don't waste time trying to sell rubbish. Take hold of our High-Grade Goods and secure some of these valuable prizes. We pay postage. We take back unused pictures. We run all the risk. Address **STANDARD PICTURE CO.**, 615 Omaha Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

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FREE **FREE**

To Ladies and Girls for One Day's Work. This beautiful SOLID Chain Bracelet, by selling 10 pieces at 25c each, makes 50c worth of choice of many other valuable instruments, bicycles, etc. We ask no money in advance and send name and address; we will forward Bracelet and list prepaid. When Buing is sold, send the money and select your premium. An honest offer by a reliable house; goods not sold may be returned. Write to **BROCKSTEDT MERCANTILE HOUSE**, 806 N. Bdwy., B. 5, St. Louis, Mo.

Diamonds Come High

but we have at last got a good sure glass cutter and while it is not a diamond it works to perfection. It will pay for itself in half an hour's time. How many times one wants to cut down glass to use in windows or picture framing etc. This cutter both cuts and separates very nicely. We will send one free postpaid for every 12 months' subscription. ADDRESS, **SUNSHINE**, Augusta, Maine.

RHEUMATISM IS DEAD!

Long Live OXEN, the King of Remedies that Killed it.

No more infernal tortures, no more roastings of the flesh with red hot irons, no more lightning shocks from the electric battery or dosings with dangerous drugs. **RHEUMATISM HAS BEEN CONQUERED** by OXEN the triumph of medicine, the Godsend of the age. Absolute cures are now certain, and OXEN is making them every day. In this connection

WE HAVE A WORD TO SAY.

Oxen was last year put to the test as a remedy for Rheumatism and it made a record in the cure of Acute Rheumatism, frequently called rheumatism, or, Pericarditis (inflammation of the investing membrane of the heart). Endocarditis (inflammation of the living membrane of the heart). Subacute rheumatism, sometimes attributed to the less severe attacks of the disease. Chronic rheumatism and neuritis of the sciatic nerve. In fact Oxen is the best remedy for rheumatism as follows: Received OXEN, O. E. Found it far superior to what you received. For ten years I have been crippled up with this terrible disease. Laid in bed one whole year. Could not turn or feed myself and when I was able to walk on crutches (which I did for four years) was crooked and unable to straighten up, but Oxen did it and when I was able to walk on crutches (which I did for four years) was crooked and unable to straighten up, but Oxen did it. Yours sincerely, Geo. F. Larson, Olympia, Wash., Feb. 20, 1908.

FREE 200,000 BOXES OF RHEUMATISM CURE. FREE.

This amazing rheumatism remedy in the United States and Canada. None but those who will use it through heredity tendencies will be considered entitled to free treatment. Therefore, if you want a box free send at once, yes, today. Write plainly as our clerks are badly rushed.

THE GIANT OXIE CO., Box 1120, Augusta, Maine.

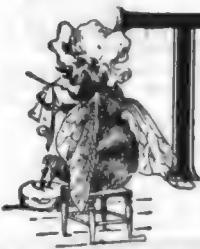
SILVER CAKE

BASKET

WE have lately taken a large amount of triple plate silverware on a debt and will send you this Elegant, Gold lined Silver Cake Basket free, all charges paid for a club of six subscribers at 25c. each. This Cake Basket is of the latest pattern and will wear a life time. It is the finest silver plate, highly decorated with beautiful patent rolled edge. We only have a few of them left so get up your club of six subscribers at 25c. each, to-day, and you will always enjoy it. You can sell this basket for \$3.98 in a minute. If you can't get up the club, send us \$1.38 cash and we will send the Basket by express and include one year's subscription. We also have a fine five Bottle Silver Castor and a Superb Silver Butter Dish at the same price if you prefer either one to the Basket. Address, **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.



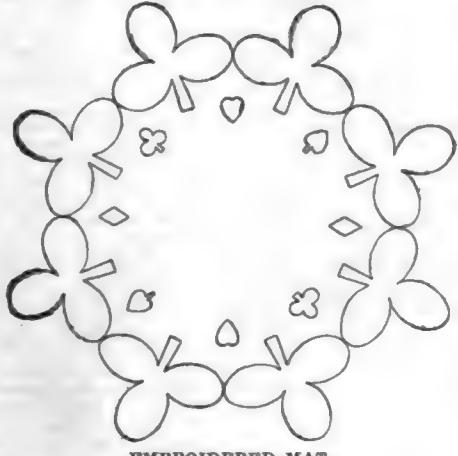
WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.



THE rush for Christmas now being over, we may turn our attention to our own needs, which have been overlooked and crowded out in the grand holiday rush.

About this season of the year we find time to look over cast-off clothing with a view to remodeling

ling. As we already have our necessary winter outfit provided, and have gotten over the holiday rush, we feel that we may take a little time for making up a fancy silk waist from soiled materials already on hand—or may make over a skirt which will be just what we need, but which will take considerable of our time, for the reason that as much work must be put into the ripping up, sponging and pressing, as in the actual making after all this has been done. The ideas of freshening and renovation come to one only with years of experience, but when once learned the know-how remains. Velvet, when crushed can be made to rise again with the help of an open tin pan full of boiling

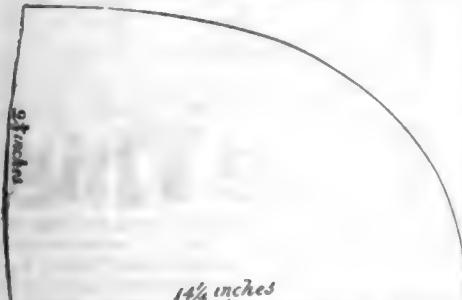


EMBROIDERED MAT.

water. Hold the wrong side over the steam, stretching it tight, and have someone else brush up the right side of the velvet with a stiff brush, brushing against the grain. This process will remove wrinkles, stiffen the crushed pile and cleanse the velvet.

White cashmere and serge may be cleaned by rubbing them with hot dry flour; brush off the flour and repeat the process if necessary. This is one of the French methods of dry cleaning.

For freshening fur, place on a table, hairy side up, and rub in handfuls of sawdust; then shake over the table, to save what sawdust shakes off. Then lay the hair side of the fur down on a pillow and beat with a switch. Continue the beating until all the sawdust has



PATTERN OF TEA-COSEY.

been removed. For white furs use white cornmeal in a similar manner. Remove grease from fur with gasoline applied with a piece of cloth.

Colored and black silks are freshened by placing upon a smooth table and rubbing, by means of a cloth, with equal parts of alcohol and warm water. Don't iron silks if it can be avoided, as the heat takes out all the life. A better way is to sponge them until quite damp and then pin them tightly down onto the carpet and so leave them until thoroughly dried. Benzine will remove paint from silk, but will leave what is called a water-mark; this, however, may be removed with French chalk.

If good rubber shields are used in one's gowns, they need not be thrown away when soiled, for they will wash very well; of course the cheap ones will come out stiff, in the wash, and so are unsatisfactory; but the good ones may be washed two or three times and still be as fresh as new after each wash.

We give an illustration this month of a Tea-Cosey, and pattern for same. This pattern is for one quarter of the outside of the cosey, and the lining is cut exactly the same only about an inch smaller all around. Cut the outside from figured material, silk preferably, and the lining from plain silk. Line each outside portion

with soft crinoline. Join the rounding edges of the lining portions, and also those of the outside, with the corresponding centers and edges even. Arrange layers of cotton batting over the wrong side of the lining, tacking it at intervals to the lining. Then slip the outside over the lining and slip-stitch them together. Tack the parts together along the seams. Trim the lower part of the cosey with a strip of plush about four inches deep and head the band with a row of cord. Sew a cord over the visible part of the seam of the outside and arrange in three loops at the center.

We have been asked for designs for small mats that are easily worked. Many beautiful designs are to be found in the shops, but nearly all are very elaborate and take much time and skill and also, in most cases, an expert needlewoman, to properly bring out the shading etc. The design we give is very simple and may be made any size desired by enlargement. The outer edge may be worked quite solid by the deep "long and short stitch," buttonholing the edge at the same time. The inner designs may be made in outline or solid, and all may be made in white, if desired.

If, however, the edge is made of white silk and the hearts and diamonds are made in solid red and the clubs and spades in solid black, the effect is quite striking, and of course the mat

will launder equally well, as all silks are warranted washable nowadays.

The little three-cornered design is for a bookmark. We illustrated a similar one sometime ago, and have been asked repeatedly to show the design again. It is simply the corner of an envelope, and may be decorated according to the fancy of the maker—either with a vine or spray in water color, a conventional design in pen and ink, or a short message or motto. It is a good idea to have several of these little corners lying around on tables or desks, so that the children will get in the habit of putting one over the corner of the leaf of the book they are reading, and so grow up with the habit of keeping the corners of their books fresh and unturned. Children of a larger growth would do well to bear this in mind also.

The Century Plant in Mexico.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

UON approaching the City of Mexico, the traveler is struck by the novel sight of great fields of huge century plants, and he naturally wonders what use the Mexicans can find for this plant that it should be so extensively grown. The explanation is, that it is from this plant that pulque is obtained; and what beer is to Germans, pulque is to Mexicans.

This plant, called *maguey* in Mexico, is not a century-growing plant, as might be inferred from the name commonly given it in the United States, its average life being about eleven years only. In its enormous leaves, often fifteen feet long, one foot wide and half a foot thick, it stores up its sap for ten or twelve years, and finally produces its flower and dies. This flowering is retarded by cutting out the bud of the plant, and it is in the reservoir thus formed at the base of the great leaves, that the sap collects.

Every morning the day's accumulation of sap is gathered up by the Indian laborers, it being said of this that while the finer grade is dipped up (evidently a tedious and oftentimes painful performance, the plant being armed at every point with large thorns), the ordinary kind is drawn up through a tube into the mouth of the laborer, whence he deposits it in a hog-skin sack he carries on his back.

The sap is sweet when first taken from the plant, and at that stage is called *aguia miel* (honey water); a partial fermentation, which takes place in twenty-four hours, transforms it into *pulque*; and the fermentation continuing twenty-four hours later it has become sour. Many efforts have been made to discover a process whereby the fermentation may be stopped when it has reached the pulque stage, but without success so far, and this very effectively confines pulque-drinking to Mexico.

There are thirty-three varieties of the maguey growing on the elevated table-lands of Mexico, where it is native, and it is from the largest of these that pulque is obtained. Each healthy plant yields from one hundred to one hundred and fifty gallons, annually; and as the City of Mexico alone consumes fifteen hundred gallons per day, the extent to which this plant is grown may be seen. From the sap of another variety, which grows wild, the natives distill *mescal* and *sotol*, both fiery, intoxicating drinks; and from the sap of a variety which grows as far north as Santa Fe, New Mexico, the Apache Indians distill *tis-wain*, an intoxicating liquor that has caused more than one Apache outbreak. These Indians roast in hot ashes the leaves of yet another variety for food, they having, when cooked, much the nature of a stringy sweet potato.

The discovery of the pleasure-giving properties of the sap of the maguey led, so tradition has it, to the downfall of the Toltec Empire; and this tradition is as follows:

"In the year 1021 there reigned in Tula (the Toltec capital) a powerful Cacique whose name was Tepalcatzin; and residing at the court of this monarch was a nobleman, the Tzin Papantli, who was the father of a beautiful girl who bore the name of Xochitl, and who came to be known as 'The Flower of Tula.' Now it so happened that the Tzin Papantli discovered quite by accident that the sap of the maguey, when partially fermented, made a very palatable drink; and thinking to further his interest at court, he at once sent Xochitl bearing a vessel of the beverage to the Cacique.

"Tepalcatzin was delighted with the drink, but was charmed by the beauty of its bearer, and he persuaded her to remain in the palace

and become Queen number-two. In the course of time Xochitl became the mother of a prince, who, through the favoritism of his father, afterward ascended the Toltec throne. This was considered by Queen number-one an usurpation of her own son's rights, and the family quarrel which followed at last resulted in the intervention of the war-like Aztecs, who overran the country and took it for themselves."

BIRD'S sham death, as a matter of protection. A moorhen will lie in the hand perfectly limp and to all appearances unconscious. A beetle or spider will lie as if dead, with its legs all drawn in, thus hoping to be passed over. One reason suggested for this strange reasoning in these small animals is that cats never touch their prey unless it moves which seems to be understood by birds.

A solution of pearl ash in water, thrown on a fire, extinguishes it instantly.

Six Steel Pens Free.

Millions of people use steel pens and we have bought an immense lot which we want to introduce into new families. Will send six of different kinds, fine, coarse and medium, to all who send two cents for mailing expenses. Lane & Co., Augusta, Maine.



BOOK MARK.

THE NATURAL BODY BRACE

CURES

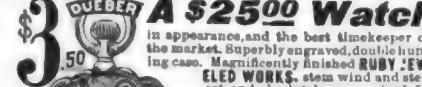
Female Weakness, Stooping Posture, Prolapsus, Inflammations, Internal Pains, Tired Feeling, Backache, Weak Legs, Nervousness, Constipation, and other ills.

TRIAL FREE.

It will make you comfortable, buoyant, happy—give you a gay and happy life. It is simple, wholly external, adjustable to any figure. Worn with or without corset. We have over 15,000 letters like this. Chandler, Okla., July 27, 1899.

Your Brace did all you said about it and more for me. It has earned me a brighter and more robust health, which I had not had before in 25 years. My troubles were dropsy, headache, bearing down pains, lung disease, weak stomach, constipation, painful menstruation, whites and falling womb. MRS. L. B. DICKINSON.

Write today for particulars and illustrated book mailed free in plain, sealed envelope. Address The Natural Body Brace Co., Box 27, Salina, Kansas. Especially adapted to those anticipating motherhood and to nursing mothers.

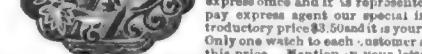


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THE NATURAL BODY BRACE

in appearance, and the best timekeeper on the market. Superbly engraved, double-hunting case. Magnificently finished RUBY JEWEL WORKS, stem wind and stem set and absolutely guaranteed for

20 YEARS

Cut this out and send it to us with your name and address and we will send the watch to you by express for examination, you examine it at the time and if you are satisfied, pay express agent our special introductory price \$3.50 and it is yours. Only one watch to each customer at this price. Mention in your letter whether you want GENT'S OR LADY'S size and order to-day as we will send out samples at this reduced price for 60 days only. R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 825-836 Dearborn St., Chicago. Please mention COMFORT when you write.

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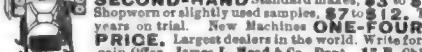
3 DUEBER A \$2500 Watch

in appearance, and the best timekeeper on the market. Superbly engraved, double-hunting case. Magnificently finished RUBY JEWEL WORKS, stem wind and stem set and absolutely guaranteed for

20 YEARS

Cut this out and send it to us with your name and address and we will send the watch to you by express for examination, you examine it at the time and if you are satisfied, pay express agent our special introductory price \$3.50 and it is yours. Only one watch to each customer at this price. Mention in your letter whether you want GENT'S OR LADY'S size and order to-day as we will send out samples at this reduced price for 60 days only. R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 825-836 Dearborn St., Chicago. Please mention COMFORT when you write.

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1500 SEWING MACHINES

SECOND-HAND Standard makes, \$3 to \$10. Three years on trial. New Machines ONE-FOURTH PRICE. Largest dealers in the world. Write for Bargain Offer. James L. Head & Co., Dept. 17 B, Chicago.

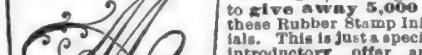
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FREE! BE UP TO DATE

Stamp your initial in gilt on your stationery, linens, books, etc. In order to introduce our indelible ink and gilt, we are going to give away 5,000 of these Rubber Stamp initials. This is just a special introductory offer and will last but a limited time. Send 10c postage and packing and we will send any initial you desire. Mollie Engraving Co., St. Louis, Mo.



FREE! NON-EXPLOSIVE NIGHT LAMP.

Stamp your initial in gilt on your stationery, linens, books, etc. In order to introduce our indelible ink and gilt, we are going to give away 5,000 of these Rubber Stamp initials. This is just a special introductory offer and will last but a limited time. Send 10c postage and packing and we will send any initial you desire. Mollie Engraving Co., St. Louis, Mo.



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WINES FROM APPLE TREES.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

The NOTION of converting cider into sherry, madeira, hock and various other kinds of wines of first-rate quality—not by falsification, but by proper and legitimate methods—is sufficiently novel to excite serious interest. That such a transformation is practicable will be declared shortly in an official bulletin of the Department of Agriculture, which will tell American farmers how to turn their apple orchards into vineyards without vines and their cider presses into wine presses. For some time past the government experts have been pursuing this line of research, and their efforts have finally been crowned with success.

The whole matter depends upon certain kinds of yeasts, which have been imported expressly for the purpose from France, Italy and Spain. As is well known, the fermentation of wines is caused by the presence in the grape-juice of certain species of fungi—microscopic plants related to the common "molds." Bread yeast, which makes the dough rise, is composed of such fungi which feed upon the flour and cause it to ferment. In the same way the grape yeasts feed upon the grape-juice and bring about its fermentation, thus transforming it into wine.

Now, the fungi of the wine yeasts live ordinarily in the soil of the wine-producing districts. There are ever so many species of them, and their minute "spores," which correspond to seeds, float about in the air, thus getting upon the fruit and so into the vats in which the grape-juice has been collected. Finding thus the food they like, they multiply by billions in the fluid, and in this manner their wine-making errand is accomplished.

However, the various species differ very much in the effects which they produce upon the grape-juice. The wine will be more or less delicate in flavor, according to the kinds of yeast-fungi that gets into the raw material. Until recently this fact has not been understood, and so wine-production hitherto has been more or less of a gamble, the most skillful vineyardist being unable to tell in advance how a given batch of his output would turn out.

But now it is different. Science, having managed to identify the good yeast-plants, has succeeded in separating them out and propagating them artificially on gelatine in glass tubes. In this shape—the tubes tightly corked with wads of cotton to prevent the intrusion of other microbes—they have been brought from Europe to the United States, and it is a matter of no difficulty to breed unlimited quantities of them from this stock.

Enclosed in the plugged tube, a colony of the precious fungi forms a whitish patch on the surface of the semi-fluid gelatine inside. It is only with the aid of a powerful microscope that the little plants can be distinguished as individuals. When wanted for business, a few of them are introduced into a vat of newly-collected grape-juice, and immediately they begin to multiply in such numbers as actually to crowd out all other species of yeasts. Consequently the fermentation goes ahead ideally, and the resulting wine is of a definite flavor, "bouquet," sweetness, and richness in alcohol, all of these qualities being determined in advance.

Now, the spontaneous fermentation of apple-juice is due, similarly, to microscopic fungi which are carried by air, deposited upon the fruit, and so transferred to the cider vats. Here again ever so many species are concerned, and some are much less beneficial than others. Even under the microscope, they look much alike, and yet the effects they produce upon the apple-juice in which they propagate are widely different. This, indeed, explains the notable variations in the quality of cider, such as every one has noticed. According to the sort of yeast that predominates in the apple-juice, the cider will be more or less rich in alcohol, more or less sweet, more or less delicate as to flavor, and possessed of more or less keeping quality.

So it will be seen that whatever is true of grape-juice in this regard is true also of apple-juice, and the only way to be sure of getting first-rate cider every time is to control the yeast fungi which develop in it. This can be done perfectly well, and will be accomplished as soon as farmers can be persuaded to take the trouble to keep on hand a little bottle of the proper microbes, which before long will be on the market, just as bacteria for ripening cream are already sold to dairymen.

Some of the beneficial cider-making fungi have already been identified and propagated. Just as in the case of the grape-juice, a few of them, introduced into the vat of fresh apple-juice, quickly establish themselves a monopoly there, preventing any "wild" species from developing. The cider, not affording nourishment to any trouble-making microbes, clears rapidly, is rich in alcohol, and acquires the desired flavor and bouquet. In the not-distant future, as a result of intelligent effort on the part of apple-growers, we shall have in this country special brands of cider of an excellence hitherto undreamed of.

However, this is not all, by any means. It remains to speak of the conversion of cider into wines, which is a matter of far more importance commercially. And, in discussing this point, it must be realized at the start that grape-juice is only a raw material to which the fungi contribute the qualities of flavor, bouquet, etc., which give it value. Such being the case, it is not so very astonishing to find that apple-juice will do just about as well as grape-juice to make fine wines out of. In fact, it is discovered that, in order to produce excellent sherry, it is necessary merely to add to apple-juice the proper yeast, obtained originally from the Xeres district in Spain. The same way with Madeira, with port, and so on.

This is what the experts of the Department of Agriculture have been working on recently, and the results they have obtained are really wonderful. One of them showed to the writer yesterday a series of large bottles, from which

in succession he poured hock, madeira, sherry, port, and three or four other wines—all of them made from the same batch of apple-juice, but resembling each other in not the slightest degree, while it would hardly have been possible for an experienced wine-taster to distinguish them from the articles which they counterfeited.

The United States, of course, is the great apple-producing country, and this new discovery opens out a prospect for an immense and very profitable industry for American farmers. They will become wine-makers, without planting a vine, and will supply the markets of both the Old World and the new with Yankee "vintages" comparable to the best European. Very little skill will be required in the business—the yeast-plants, bought in bottles, will attend to that—and the apple wines will have the additional advantage of superior purity, inasmuch as they will be so cheap that it will not pay to adulterate them.

In conclusion, it may be of interest to state that the fungi in the grape-juice or apple-juice feed upon the sugar which the stuff contains. This sugar they transform into alcohol and carbonic acid gas. By the introduction of the requisite species of microbes, apple-juice is converted into champagne, to which the requisite "fizz" is given by forcing an extra supply of carbonic gas into it. It is mighty good champagne, too—a real wine, and not to be confused for a moment with the "champagne cider" so long familiar.

WHERE IRON IS SCARCE.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

WE are told by historians that the overthrow of the Aztec empire by Cortez was due largely to the fact that the Aztecs were not possessed of either iron or steel weapons with which to combat the Spaniards, iron being then unknown in Mexico.

This is true, no doubt, and iron is still a scarce commodity in Mexico, so scarce that a pilfering Mexican will walk ten miles to steal a handful of railroad spikes, and the losses of Mexican railroads by thefts of this kind amount to an important sum every year. Spikes, bolts, tools, tools, in fact any article of iron that is not spiked down, locked up, or too heavy to be carried away, will quickly disappear if left unguarded. These losses have been reduced to a minimum, however, the railroads having learned by sad experience how to protect themselves, and if the traveler in Mexico will observe closely, he will note that the trainmen carefully remove the coupling links and pins from cars that are left on side-tracks, and that the point of every bolt in the track is battered so that the tap cannot be removed with the fingers.

On one occasion, so the railroaders relate, the men composing a freight-train crew were all called to the forward end of their train; in their haste, they neglected to lock their caboose, and when they returned to it, after a short absence they found that their stove, in which they had left a roaring fire, had been stolen.

Again, it is said that the engineer and fireman of a train that was standing on a lonely side-track awaiting the coming of another train, decided to avail themselves of the opportunity for a nap. They slept not longer than thirty minutes, but when they awoke, they found it impossible to move their engine, thieves having stolen vital parts of the machinery.

Another story is, that a pile-driver met with an accident, and its hammer which weighed a ton or more falling to the ground, was left where it had fallen until a crane could be brought to return it to its place. A Mexican spied it lying there, a prize of untold value in his eyes, and he called in a party of his friends to assist him in carrying it off.

The hammer was heavy, they well knew, but give a Mexican a burro (donkey) and unlimited time, both of which are usually plentiful in Mexico, and he will dare to undertake almost anything; therefore a burro became one of the party that stole noiselessly that night along the railroad track. Arriving at the hammer, two timbers taken from bridge near-by were placed, one end on the ground, the other on the burro's back, making an incline up which the men began sliding their prize. Up, up it went, inch by inch until it was almost on the burro's back, when, with a groan, the patient little animal gave way and sank to the ground, the ponderous hammer falling on him and crushing out his life.

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BEEF ISSUE DAY.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.



MANY years the various tribes of American Indians, not self-supporting, received rations at regular and stated times from the United States Government. It was customary to distribute the meat upon a certain day of one week, and upon the same day of the following week, the other rations; in each case the quantity issued was expected to last for two weeks. The general supplies were cereals, lard, tea, coffee, sugar, salt, etc., dealt out in accordance with the size of each family; the beef was supplied "on the hoof," instead of "from the block" as is the present custom.

During the time that the Cherokee Commission was negotiating with the Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians, the Commissioners with members of their families were stationed for months at Fort Reno, Indian Territory. The encampments of those Indians were close at hand, and there was fine opportunity to learn something of life among the untamed barbarians.

Beef Issue was a time of great excitement to the Indians, to which they looked forward with eager longing, while to the civilized it was a harrowing spectacle never willingly witnessed a second time, unless by those who were destitute of the attributes of pity and mercy. The sight was one of the most revolting exhibitions of cruelty to animals ever tolerated in a Christian land, and doubly shocking because sanctioned by the government, as represented by the Indian Department, the horrible butchery being conducted under the eyes of government officials.

One autumn morning at an early hour, a party left Fort Reno for a certain point four miles distant, where the beef was to be distributed that day to the Indians of this especial reservation. The party included the Commissioners with their wives, the Indian Agent, a United States Army officer, detailed to inspect the cattle and superintend the work, and a small detachment of troops. Passing the shabby but picturesque tepees of the Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians, clustered at desirable points on the rolling prairie, it was evident that unusual activity prevailed. As the little procession from the fort drew near the designated place, the Indians could be seen approaching from different directions, hastening towards a large, rudely constructed corral, where more than one hundred wild Texan steers were confined. The older men either came walking through the tall grass that partially concealed them, or else two or three would be astride of small pony, as they have no mercy upon any beast. All of these were blanketed Indians, only just ready to receive gifts from the government, but not ready to adopt any garments suggesting civilization. All wore moccasins, enveloped in white cotton blankets, long hair braided, with the scalp lock decorated with feathers.

As this pastime was furnished by the Indian Department as a slight compensation for the loss of pleasure and profit consequent upon the disappearance of the buffalo, the young "bucks" who were to take an active part in the "hunt," came mounted upon their ponies. One hundred of these braves, ready for the fray, were drawn up in line near the corral, awaiting the first act in the tragedy of the day.

In one corner of the inclosure we saw the scales for weighing the animals and the branding chute. It was the duty of the Indian agent and the army officer to inspect the cattle, when those that were accepted were weighed in their presence. With great difficulty the poor dumb creatures were driven into the branding chute, where they were packed as closely as possible. All of them seemed wild with fear, but the worst was yet to come. The branders stood ready with heated irons and watched their opportunity to quickly press the red hot metal upon the back or flank of each struggling creature, when his frantic plunge and roar of pain only increased the enjoyment of his savage tormenters. In the writhings and turnings to escape, one occasionally stumbled or the long, curved horns became locked, each miserable condition being welcomed with shouts of joy by "the wards of our government" who with great glee continued to prod the animals with sharp irons. The reason given for the branding is, that the letters "I. D." are necessary for the protection of the Indian in whose possession a hide is found, proving that it became his through the generosity of the Indian Department.

The mounted Indians were near the chute, and when this part of the work ended, one by one their names were called. Each one designated came forward and marked his property by cutting off its tail or an ear, or possibly by a dexterous stroke struck a horn down to the quick, or applied an additional brand. Sometimes the more humane plan was adopted of tying a strip of cloth to the creature. When all were labelled, the gate was opened; with blows and shouts the maddened animals were turned loose upon the prairie, only to confront new dangers as they strove to escape from the brutal crowd.

As soon as a "buck" recognized his property, he broke from the ranks, urged his pony to its highest speed and chased the frenzied steer, occasionally firing his Winchester rifle. Many shots were fired at random; as it is a pleasure to prolong this mimic buffalo chase, the aim is not to kill, but to produce agony. From time to time the gate was opened and other steers rushed out, until the prairie seemed literally alive with the frightened beasts and the racing, yelling Indians. At last one totters, falls, tries to rise, but after a few useless efforts sinks exhausted, struggling and bellowing until its owner is pleased to fire the finishing shot. But the height of cruelty was not reached until the brave sprang from his pony, seized the dying creature, cut out its tongue, hung it to his saddle bow and rode proudly to the spot where the older Indians waited to show his trophy of the exciting hunt.

The whole scene was fantastic and uncanny; the Indians in ghostly wrappings, their long black hair unbraided in their race was stream-

ing over face and shoulders, the eagle feathers dangling from each scalp lock, as with Winchesters held high, uttering hideous yells and whoops they sparred their nimble footed ponies to circle round and round the flying, terrified beasts. It was a spectacle to fill one with disgust and horror; the exhibition was a stain upon the starry field of our nation's flag and a scathing commentary upon our boasted civilization of the nineteenth century.

The wife of one of the Commissioners could not restrain her tears at the shocking brutality and expressed to the agent in very plain language her opinion of the demoralizing effect of such practices, and the disgrace reflected upon a government that permitted such barbarity. The agent was disturbed at her criticism but could only say as an excuse—"It pleases the Indians."

As soon as the butchery was over the squaws gathered like vultures, for to their care the dead cattle are intrusted. They fell at once to work, and while the flesh was still quivering with life, feasted from the wild dash for liberty, the creatures were skinned, the carcasses cut up, loaded upon wagons and drawn to the tepees. One beef was apportioned to eleven persons, the squaws being strictly honest in the distribution. Every portion is utilized but the eyes and horns and the portions usually classed as offal were used in a way disgusting and shocking to civilized beings. For five full days contentment abided in the tepees. Nothing but meat was eaten until the supply was exhausted; then they reluctantly turned their attention to the other rations, as they waited for another Beef Issue, their regularly recurring holiday.

There were Government Schools and devoted missionaries at work upon this same reservation, and one could but reflect that much of the good they might have done was counteracted by the fiendish influence of such brutal scenes at regular and stated intervals.

Upon some of the reservations there were serious difficulties to overcome before this method could be changed. There was often lack of water and suitable drainage, while in other cases, the Indians were restive, liked the way that they had been accustomed to receive their beef, did not care for a change, and it was very easy for the agent to oblige them, without running the risk of serious discontent.

In a majority of cases these objections have been overcome, and the baneful practice is discontinued. This has been accomplished in the last four years, and soon, it is hoped, "beef on the hoof" will be a thing of the past; then supplies will be "from the block" under proper sanitary regulations.

The life of the Indian is no longer made luxurious in accord with his savage ideas, and he views the possibility of becoming like the white man with far more interest than a decade ago, when the government supplies all of his wants with a lavish hand, possibly regarding his needs from the standpoint of our higher civilization. He is now learning the richest lesson of his life, the value of labor; when that is achieved and he ceases to be a dependent idler, the long-debated Indian question will be practically settled.

WALRUS HUNTING.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.



are not at all timid the boat can sometimes get to within a few yards of them before the blow is delivered.

The harpoon used is a wicked affair. To its head is attached a very long and tremendously strong line of whale-skin, while the handle is loose and easily separated from the head. When the harpoon is thrown the head penetrates the thick skin, while the handle comes off and floats in the water. The line is attached to the head in such a way that instead of pulling out when the line is taut, it turns at right angles to the wound; so that it is impossible for the walrus to get away unless the line breaks. This way and that the walrus swims, towing the boat here and there with frightful speed, its occupants in danger of being dashed against an iceberg, or of being overturned and drowned. At last, however, if everything goes well, the poor beast is tired out and a lance thrust or bullet in a vital part puts it out of suffering. Then he is towed back to shore and cut up.

Accidents frequently happen; the walrus sometimes turns on his captors and many a kayak, as the Esquimaux boats are called, has been overturned or destroyed and the occupants either drowned or killed by the infuriated

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No Laundry Work When soiled discard. Ten Collars or five pairs of Cuffs, 25cts. By mail, 30cts. Send 6cts. in stamps for sample collar or pair of cuffs. Name size and style.
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This elegant Gold plated Ring, guaranteed solid gold, adds to this Beautiful Pin which looks exactly like a real Diamond FREE with every

The order for songs.

1406 White Dance goes on.
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1414 I don't want to Play.
1421 I'm a Little Girl at Home.
1428 Song that Brought My Heart.

1429 Dear Dad Bells.
1432 Irish Love Song.
1434 The Church across the Way.

1438 One Girl in the World for me.

1439 Denied a Home.

1460 After your Wandering.

1462 I'll never go out with Riley.

1465 She may've seen Better Days.

1471 My Dad's the Engineer.

1481 I never Loved till I met You.

1485 I'm a Gold child only Write.

1494 Danny Murphy's Daughter.

1497 You are my Sweetheart.

1498 Better than Gold.

1500 Let me take My Place again.

1504 Malone forgot He was dead.

1514 Pictures from Life.

1524 A Girl in the World for us all.

1541 Hot Time in the Old Town.

1561 I'm a Little Girl in the Sun.

1563 The Mother of the Girl I Love.

1568 Back to the only Girl I Love.

1581 Doris the Village Maiden.

Any 10 Songs post paid for 10c; 30 for 25c; 50 for 40c; 100 for 75c.

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A big package of BEAUTIFUL SILK REMNANTS, 100 to 200 pieces, all carefully trimmed, selected from large accumulation of silks especially adapted for all fancy work. We give more than double any other offer; remnants are all large sizes, in beautiful colors and designs. Sent for 5c cents in stamp or silver. Address PARIS SILK CO., Box 2045, New York City, N. Y. (This concern is reliable and package of astonishing value.—Editor.)

beasts.

It is possible to shoot walruses, of course, but unless the shot kills the creature instantly there is great danger that he will get into the water and sink.

The cry of these animals is a deep groan or bark, and the Esquimaux are very clever in imitating this cry and often succeed in attracting the creatures to their boat when they are not in sight on the ice.

The walrus grows frequently to a weight of twenty-five hundred pounds, and does not look unlike an overgrown hog with the exception of its huge flippers, bristles, whiskers and long ivory tusks. Its skin is very thick, and is wrinkled and warty, and covered with a sparse growth of reddish or grey hair. The size of its head is out of all proportion to the size of its body.

On land a more ungainly object would be hard to find, but in the water it is indeed a worthy foeman.

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Beautiful new designs, Lace borders, the most exquisite assortment of valentines we ever offered and the most for your money. Six for five cents.

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COMFORT FOOT POWDER, cures sore feet, makes walking easy, prevents chafing, sweating, corns, bunions, callous. Removes all odor. 1/4 lb. box 25c. postpaid. G. W. BURNS, Chemist, Bernardville, N. J.

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Watches, Cameras, Sporting Goods, Jewelry, etc., given away for selling 18 packages of EXCELSIOR BLUING at 10c. We ask no money. Send your name and address, get outfit and premises, with instructions unpaid. When you sell the Bluing send us the money and select your premium. We Trust You. This is an honest offer. Write for outfit today.

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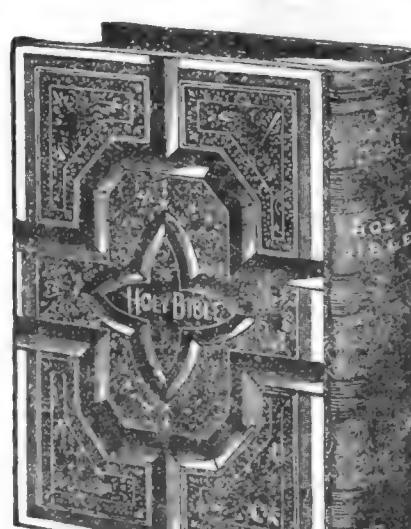
This fine gold plated ring is set with a Zambesi Diamond. It looks exactly like a \$500 ring and is suitable for either lady or gent.

We will send you this fine ring Free of Cost, also one 10 cent package best perfume, 56 new songs, and our COIN and STAMP VALUE GUIDE, which tell what coins and stamps are worth and who to buy them. We will also send who to sell them. We will also send you a \$1.00 Due Bill, which entitles you to \$1.00 worth of goods absolutely free from our list. This Big Offer is made to introduce our goods to new customers. We want you to trade with us and recommend us to your friends. We know you will do when you get this lot of goods. Write today and we will send you the entire lot. Send 12c stamps for postage & packing. Watson Supply Co. Dept. A 378 Dearborn St. Chicago. Watson Supply Co. is reliable and will do as agreed.—EDITOR.

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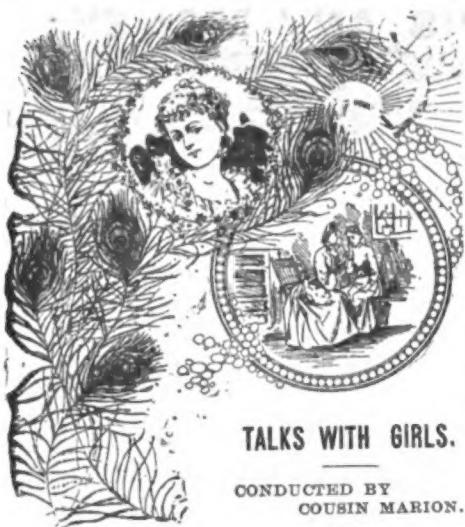
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This edition excels all others in the excellence of paper and exquisite topography, being printed from an entirely new set of plates costing \$20,000. The size of page is 12x9 inches, the print large and clear, and there are TEN BEAUTIFUL FULL-PAGE PHOTOGRAVURE PICTURES of rare artistic excellence and some of the most superb masterpieces of Modern Paintings, being in harmony with the justly celebrated OXFORD TEACHERS' BIBLES. They are bound in fine Morocco Buckram Paneled Sides, and contain the Old and New Testaments, authorized version, the best concordance extant, and the following helpful features: A table of the passages in the Old Testament quoted in the New; a Chronological Index; an analysis of the Old and New Testaments; an account of the date of writing the books of the New Testament; an index of the Holy Bible; a short description of the Holy Land; a table of kindred forbidden to marry; table of Scripture weights and measures; an alphabetical table of proper names; also a very neat, plain Marriage Certificate and Family Record. Our New Bible is just what the people

want; excellent paper, handsome illustrations, good, clear print, handsome and durable bindings, and last but not least, an EXTRAORDINARY FAMILY RECORD, entirely different from that contained in any other Bibles in the country. The print is of large size, clear and distinct, just right for grandfather and grandmother to read without their glasses, while the full-page engravings will interest and instruct the little children. It is the book for every member of the family.

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young man and see if he will respond. But don't think too much about him.

Fannie, Vernon, Fla.—Put on long dresses when you begin to teach school. (2) Just go on despising the young man and let other people see you do it.

Deborah, Slaughter, La.—It is correct to speak to your partner in the dance.

Now your questions are all answered except some silly ones about hugging and kissing that every nice girl ought to know instinctively, and I wish you again a Happy New Year. By by till next month.

Tobacco Raising in the United States.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

tobacco, and brought back the products of the old world to the colonists.

Tobacco is one of the important crops of America today, though only in recent years has the United States come to be considered a tobacco-growing country. Though the native tobacco is as good as any, it has taken the recent troubles in Cuba for us to find this out, for the Cuban crop being neglected, smokers were forced to use native tobacco, which was found very satisfactory. This is not remarkable in view of the fact that many of the so-called Havana cigars made in the United States in reality are manufactured of native tobacco.

The annual production of tobacco in the United States is close to 500,000,000 pounds, and from this the government has received in the last twenty-five years as a revenue tax, over a billion dollars (\$1,000,000,000.) Though generally supposed to be a southern product, it is raised as far north as Wisconsin and Vermont.

The largest amount of tobacco is grown in Pennsylvania, while over 65,000,000 pounds were raised last year, and it is also a product of the states of Vermont, Kentucky, Virginia, Illinois, Massachusetts, Florida, New York, Wisconsin, Ohio and Connecticut.

Innocent, Richardson, Tenn.—Get the young man out of your thoughts until you are twenty-one. Time enough then to worry.

Maria Louise, Hallowdale, Miss.—Accept nothing but the most formal attention from any married man. (2) It is against the law in most states to marry a first cousin. (3) Parents cannot legally prevent children who are of age from marrying.

M. P. C., Clark's Mills, N. Y.—Write to McGibbon & Co., 19th St., B'dway, New York.

Ignorance, Magnolia, Miss.—Thanksgiving Day originated in New England, and was simply a day set apart for thanks after the harvests were all in.

Rose Lily, Saguache, Cal.—Don't "accept a man's company" until you know him very well. (2) There is everything in "how a young lady carries herself in company with young men," and she cannot be too careful. (3) It is highly improper for a young lady to smoke cigarettes anywhere.

Rosie, Portland, Ore.—Write to Superintendent Census, Washington, D. C.

Gladys, North Town, Minn. A general acceptance of a young man's company for an evening ought to mean that he has first claim on you.

Pauline, Albany, Ga.—The eighteen year old boy may think and say that he loves you, but make him wait till he is at least of age. If he won't wait he doesn't love you at all.

Miss Pattie, Duval, Fla.—You have acted foolishly and should write to the young man saying so, and apologizing.

Alma, Campbellburg, Ky.—Rich men looking for beautiful young girls to adopt as their daughters are very scarce. I do not know the address of a single one.

Lilac, Milwaukee, Wis. Yes, wear your hair in a braid and don't worry about your size. Precious articles are put up in small packages.

H. W. C., Washington, D. C.—Your system is run down and you need a tonic. Consult your physician. (2) The man orders the supper after the theater under the lady's direction. (3) Ask your druggist.

D. J., Croton, N. Y.—It is the lady's place to speak first. (2) A boy of seventeen may walk home from church with you if he is nice boy.

S. R. S., Moore's Mills, N. Y.—Write to the postmaster at Albany for the information you wish, enclosing stamp for reply.

Rose, Enfield, Ills.—All wedding arrangements are made after consultation between both parties. The young lady may and should visit the home of the parents of the man she is to marry.

M. T., Irvine, Ky.—See advertisement in COMFORT for the books you want.

Brunette, Leiter's Ford, Ind.—It is hardly the right thing to refuse to dance, unless you are there as a spectator, or as chaperone.

Daisy, Sprague, Wis.—The right kind of a girl will not want to flirt with one man when she is engaged to another.

Beryl, Essex, Ont.—A visit to Europe is worth more to you than a trip through the States, expense and history considered. (2) Always dress simply. (3) Don't hide your love for the young man, if he loves you and tells you so.

Tom Girls, Burlington, Me.—As a rule it is safe to let your parents judge of a young man's fitness to be your associate. (2) Have nothing to do with one man who backbites another. (3) The young man has a right to say you must not write to other men. (4) From five to ten years is a good difference in the age of man and wife.

Bicycle Girl, Bee, Ark.—There is no harm in taking your wheel when you go to visit friends, nor in giving your picture to a young man—if he is your kinsman.

Fern, Paducah, Ky.—A bride should wear gloves. (2) Certainly, a lady should thank a man for helping her off a car.

P. and J., Worcester, Mass.—There is no way of compelling a rejected correspondent to return your letters. (2) Don't accept presents from men if you are afraid they will presume upon them. (3) Politeness only occasionally compels you to go with a man you do not like.

Correspondent, Weatherford, Tex.—There is no place in the wide world where you can sell stories, poems, &c., and have them printed and paid for at once. Editors always do just as they please with such.

Lily Polly, Brownfield, Ills.—It is not elegant for a man to smoke in a lady's company, and positively bad form for him to smoke on the street with her.

G. B., Stockbridge, Wis.—You could not do better than learn photography and practice it as a profession.

D. H. B., Ralph, Ky.—Marry the man if you love him, and don't if you don't. (2) Ask your druggist for an insecticide.

Iona Linden, Chicago, Ills.—Study your grammar and forget for five years that there is a young man in the world.

E. K., Taos, Mo.—Stop corresponding with the young man if he is serious and you are not. (2) The whole is warm blooded.

Eva Van, Castle Leo, Cal.—As far as I can judge, I should say you might safely accept the young man. It is all right to walk three miles to church with him if there is no conveyance.

Unterow, Union Mills, Pa.—You can get a glass stopper out of a bottle by running a red hot poker carefully around the bottle neck. (2) Write to COMFORT for the song.

Dewdrop, Mt. Laurel Va.—The man precedes the lady going into church, unless it is her own church and he does not know where her pew is.

Violet, Columbus, Ohio.—It is extremely risky to marry a man who is sulky if he can't have his own way. Married people must divide their stubbornness.

Lorena, Trenton, N. J.—Be nice and polite to the

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Over a million cases of disease in every form are now to the credit of Christian Science Healing. Most of these were cases that the doctors had given up as "incurable." Many more were chronic maladies that had baffled their skill for years. All were cured quickly, some were cured instantly. The evidence on these facts is simply indisputable and the curing still goes on. There can be no mistake or misstatement about it. The healers and their work are in the public view. As a C. S. healer my many marvelous cures have startled the world. During the past 13 years I have healed diseases of almost every known kind and in every stage of severity. They included many surgical cases where operations were otherwise threatened. I cured cases that were far away from me, as well as those near at hand. And I tell you in like manner that wherever you may dwell, and whatever be your bodily ailment, or whether one or many physicians have failed to give you relief, if you report the case to me and so desire, you shall be cured. This is no vain or idle promise. My past success fully justifies it. You can be cured whether you believe in Christian Science or not. You can be cured whether in this city or thousands of miles away from me. In our Christian Science Healing distance is of no account; disbelief is not an hindrance; disappointments of the past only make stronger grounds for hope. All you really need is the wish to be healed.

I have just published a little book in regard to this blessed truth called, "A Message of Health and Healing." If you write to me I will gladly send you a COPY FREE. It gives many interesting facts and convincing testimonials. Enclose 2-cent stamp for postage.

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FREE Watches, Rings, Camera, Tea Sets, Bicycles, and 200 other presents given away selling Perfume at 5 and 10 cents each. Large cash commission if preferred. **NO MONEY** WANTED in advance. Send address, we send \$2 worth, when sold send the \$2, we send present according to our catalogue. Perfume sells at sight. No risk, we trust you. H. C. WASHBURN CO., 119 MASSAU ST., NEW YORK CITY.

WANTED MAN with horse and buggy to sell Pasture Stock Food. Salary \$15 per week and 10 percent. on all sales. Farmer preferred. Previous experience not essential. **Pasture Stock Food** is the greatest discovery ever made in practical and scientific feeding, and is sold on an absolute guarantee. Steady, permanent trade easily established. Sample bag, sufficient for two weeks feeding free. Send 25 cents in stamps or silver to cover express charges. **PASTURE STOCK FOOD COMPANY**, 317 Boyce Bldg., Chicago.

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\$5.00 A WEEK FOR LIFE FREE.

We are going to give to some one who has entered this contest and who complies with the conditions of obtaining for us one subscriber will spell the names of 3 large cities in the World, two of these cities being in the United States, the other being in Foreign. The names of the cities can only be used many times as they appear, and no letter can be used which does not appear. After you have found the 3 correct names you will have used every letter in the 3 cities only once as it appears. If you cannot find the 3 correct names but only find 2, you will receive a special prize for your trouble worth \$1. If you answer this puzzle at once you will not be disappointed. Some one is going to win the money and it may be you. Anyway it does not cost you any money to try. All we ask is that should our committee award you a prize, that you will secure for us one yearly subscriber to our Handsome Illustrated Monthly Magazine, and as pay for securing this one subscriber, we will give you your choice of a valuable list of prizes. This we can truthfully say is the handsomest puzzle ever advertised, so get out your Geography and look for these cities. The correct names have only been known to the President of this Company and will be sealed and put in a safe. In case more than one person succeeds in finding the three correct names we will divide the money equally. In addition to the \$500.00 in gold we will give you an opportunity to win

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is a very expensive article and is used extensively in the homes of the wealthy. This Rug is a Beautiful picture in itself. An immense factory employing hundreds of hands is turning out thousands and as they are made in bright oriental colors and patterns they produce an exquisite effect when laid on the floor. These Brussel Rugs are fit to grace the floor of a Parlor, Sitting-Room, Hall, Dining-Room or Chamber and for an entry or kitchen rug or mat are simply grand; they are made by an entirely new process of Machine Rug making, and thus called Brussel and we are anxious to get them before the people at once. Thousands upon thousands will be sold after they are shown and we offer you one free, now, in order to introduce them all over the country and after getting one you can show them around, take orders and make money selling them for us.

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are in use; yes many million Rugs, taking the world over but in this country Thousands now use Rugs where one was used a few years ago, they are constantly growing in favor and getting more popular every day. Why? because they are practical and economical and make the House, Store or Office, more easy to take care of and give a certain dressy effect to a room that cannot be obtained in any other way. You can use them on bare floors to cover up the cold look or lay them on carpets to save the carpet.

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SILK SEAL PLUSH Capes \$3.50

Worth \$10 for only \$3.50.

Only 500 left. They are Swell Silk Seal Plush Capes 22" long, lined throughout with black Sateen, edged all around with black curly Thibet fur, \$3.50 Richly embroidered and jetted. Give neck and bust measure; will send C. O. D. Try on and if you find it the biggest bargain you ever saw pay agent \$3.50 and express charges.

PHILIPSBOURN, State St., CHICAGO.

TRANSVAAL DIAMONDS.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.



If the Transvaal were a waste of desert England and the Boers would not have found it worth while to go to war. But its wealth is of more than one kind, and perhaps its most unique possession is the diamond mines at Kimberley. These are by far the richest mines in the world and more than 98 per cent. of the diamonds of the world come from their depths.

Some years ago an adventurer in South Africa begged a night's lodging at the house of a Dutch farmer. He soon discovered that the children were using as playthings some bright pebbles which they said they had found in the garden.

When the idea of their being diamonds was suggested to the farmer he took them to the nearest town and selling them was made rich for life. It was some years after, as late as 1870, that prospectors began to come through the country in search of the rich treasure held in gravel and clay of the region. From that time claims were taken up until more than three thousand were being worked within a comparatively narrow radius. In 1893 Cecil Rhodes brought about a great change in the management of all these claims and controlling so much property that the diamond market of the world is in his hands. Its capital is \$19,000,000 and each year the output of the mines is worth about \$25,000,000.

In the town of Kimberley is a large store house in which are kept probably a hundred million dollars worth of diamonds, and beside this much of the company's wealth is sent to London to be cut ready for use. This company is controlled by British capitalists and its store house is protected by a regiment of red-coated regulars, so this wealth is a plum of much promise to the Boers. With a single well planned raid upon this store sufficient wealth would fall into the hands of Oom Paul and his followers to hire mercenaries from all over Europe and equip them with the most modern accoutrements of war.

But how did all these precious stones come to be in the clay of Kimberley? Geologists tell us that in the early ages of the world the surface of the Transvaal was covered with a soft silty rock containing a large amount of carbon. Then, through great cracks in the rock, came up boiling seething lava from the hot depths of the earth and, heating the slate to a white heat, the carbon was suddenly crystallized out of the rock into the clay of to-day. It is hard to believe that the shining gem and the bit of charcoal are made of identical elements but it is a fact.

The working of the mines at Kimberley is essentially different from that of any other mine in the world. In the first place the material in which the gems are held is soft and may be dug out instead of requiring blasting as in most mining. From the shaft in the middle of each mine galleries are built, one above another, and along these carts carry the earth to the surface, where it is spread out in the sun to dry. When the clay has reached a crumbly condition it is broken up and carried to a washing machine where the diamonds are separated from the fine soil by means of a water wheel which keeps the water in constant motion so that most of the fine clay is carried off and the heavier diamonds sink to the bottom. This sediment is then carefully examined and the diamonds taken from it by hand, so that none are overlooked. They are then sent to London to be cut.

Two of the Kimberley mines cover nineteen and thirty-five acres respectively and are the largest holes in the earth ever made by man. These mines have in their employ over fifteen hundred white men besides six thousand Kaffirs. It may be well seen that theft might be accomplished without difficulty if the utmost precaution were not taken. To take away a diamond worth a hundred thousand dollars would be an easy matter if the miners were allowed the freedom of the ordinary laborer. To prevent this the rules of the company are most rigid and no one would be tempted to enter its employ were it not for the exceptionally high wages paid. The Kaffirs are engaged for a term of months and during that time they are not allowed to leave the mine. Dormitories are provided for them and when they come from work at night each laborer is obliged to strip to the skin and leave his clothes behind him to be examined. Then most thorough examination of their bodies has to be gone through, ears, nose and mouth, and even wounds being inspected for the precious stones which have in the past been found hidden therein. Each man is then given a blanket in which to wrap himself for the night. Over the sleeping sheds wire nettings are stretched to prevent the diamonds being thrown over. No man is allowed to even use ordinary money during his stay in the mine but is supplied with the company's specie. If stricken with sickness they are nursed at the company's hospital. Before he leaves the mine, at the end of his term of servitude, he is kept in the detention house for one week, stripped to the skin, and every act of his daily life is watched more closely than if he were a convict. But in spite of all these precautions many gems are stolen and the business of buying stolen diamonds is a profitable employment.

Some of the largest diamonds in the world have been taken from the Kimberley mines. A pale yellow stone weighing 225 carats was exhibited at Paris in 1889 and bought by an Eastern Prince. The Jagersfontein diamond is probably the largest known. It was found in 1894 by a Kaffir, who was loading clay into a cart. He gave it to the overseer and received a large reward. The stone is three inches long, two and one-half inches wide and one and one-half inches thick and weighs 971 carats. It is of a blue white color and in spite of a small flaw in the center is valued at \$2,000,000. It is now in the possession of the pope having been given him by Oom Paul Kruger.

The Kimberley diamonds are not the rough, dull pebbles we are led to think of as an uncut diamond. They are bright and shining and after being boiled in a solution of nitric and sulphuric acid they are quite brilliant. In the

store house at Kimberley are rooms in which 50,000 carats are exhibited at one time, sorted out in piles and of all shades, deep blue, pink, green, yellow and even dark brown. It is the policy of the company to allow but a small per cent. of their diamonds to be sold each year so that the price of gems is kept up and the dividends of the company are large while the amount of merchandise sold is small. Now if Boers should get possession of the storehouse or mines at Kimberley they would immediately put upon the market a large quantity of gems and the market value of diamonds would take a tremendous fall.

HOW TO Cure RUPTURE

DEAR READER:—It gives me much pleasure and satisfaction to write this little story, for it contains a new and wonderful method of curing rupture or hernia, and places before the afflicted words of hope and tidings of great joy.

It is not my intention to use medical words or terms for the purpose of confusing those who are not familiar with them. I am sure this would not be more valuable for using those technical terms which some use, for the sole purpose of making something more mysterious.

I am not going to describe the many ways one may become ruptured. In the many years I have treated ruptures I have been told of more than a thousand different things that caused my patients' affliction. That you are ruptured, and that I can cure you, is the purpose for which this is written, and it will surely be a blessing, coming unawares to those who follow its teachings.

There are several kinds of rupture and they are named according to the location of the hole or tear, such as, Umbilical (navel) and Femoral. They are again divided into two classes as reducible or irreducible. The reducible is one that can be returned to its proper place within the abdomen. The irreducible is one that cannot be returned. The last named is caused by going without a truss, but mostly by using some poor and ill-constructed one.

There are many people who are ruptured and don't know it. They will have at times a slight pain in the abdomen, and if they do not use much lifting or straining work it grows worse and will at times get so bad they think they have an attack of colic. They will take some medicine for colic, lie down, and in many cases the pain will disappear, because whatever was out returns to its natural position. But in other cases the surgeon has to be called because the rupture has become strangulated. In some cases he succeeds in reducing it, but others a surgical operation is necessary, and with others after hours of agony death only

gives them relief. The best time to attend to a rupture is when it is small, perhaps in some cases no larger than an acorn. Many who have small ruptures say, "It is only a small one, does not give me any trouble, no need to bother about that."

SMALL RUPTURE. Let me say right here that a small rupture is one of the most terrible mistakes possible, for every minute

DANGEROUS life is in danger of immediate and painful death by strangulation, for the opening is so small that it only allows one intestine to come down. It then requires great force of pressure to hold the contents and in many cases it becomes electric, which is very apt to prove fatal or require a painful surgical operation at a great cost of time and money.

HAVE YOU ruptured? If so, I have no doubt but you have tried many trusses and methods of cure, expended many dollars and always the same result—failure. Perhaps you have been told by some one or it has been spoken in your presence and you believe it is the best way to take time to think about what rupture could not be cured."

IT CAN BE in your body. Two agencies at work.

CURED one constantly tearing you down, the other building you up or repairing, and as long as your vitality is good the repairing force keeps you in perfect health. Suppose you broke your arm, never had it set, or the proper apparatus used to make it reunite and heal, the result would be that you would always have a bad bone. But we do have the proper attendance and care, and your arm in a short time is well again. So your rupture will heal if given the same chance—viz: retain everything in a natural position the same as if there was no rupture and nature will do the rest. But the facts are:—you became ruptured, experienced very little pain, and you put off from day to day using the correct appliance to assist nature in its work. You needed a truss that would hold under every condition the strain from the injury more firmly and health and strong enough to perform its work again. You need an appliance that HOLDS AND HEALS WHILE YOU WORK.

HOW COULD the trusses that have been placed THIS HEAL, constructed on the wrong principle.

and are now things of the past. In

their day were considered good and in some cases gave partial relief. They were not made to fit the body and a day would let the hernia out many times. In fact never two days alike because they were not self-adjusting. Some thought when the elastic was introduced, "here is a perfect truss at last," but they soon found out their mistake. They place all dependence on elastic webbing or belts which go around the body and they must be pulled or buckled tight enough so they are a torture, to bring the pads in position to bear on the rupture, and the belts and straps pulled up so tight over the galled parts that the elastic in the webbing and straps cannot be continually stretching and giving out; never two days alike consequently the intestines are being let out of their natural position, and never give the rupture a chance to heal. How can that kind of a truss cure a rupture? A rupture to be cured must be held securely in its natural position. It is probably a waste of time to tell you about old style trusses. You know it all. You know how you have suffered in warm weather from sweating and chafing, the belts and straps pulled up so tight over the galled parts that you could think, "would rather die than suffer this any longer," and many, after repeated trials, would bear the torture any longer, are risking their lives and living in misery without a truss.

HOW TO CURE To effect a cure of hernia, all know that the hernial tumor or intestine must be held in an easy, comfortable and natural position, in fact be in the same natural position that they would have been in if there was no rupture. I have been given many names and have placed in my possession a model idea of the shape of what I may call a truss. Do you think it is one of those instruments of torture you have seen that has ropes, pulleys, elastic, etc. To compare mine with others would be like comparing the electric light with an old fashioned lamp. My appliance or truss stands out alone as a new idea, something far ahead of anything ever before placed upon a human being. A wonderful invention, holds with comfort everything in its proper, natural position, having nothing to do with the desire to heal she has been waiting for. It is EASY TO WEAR AS A STOCKING, safe, simple, cleanly and durable.

WILL LAST in warm weather, has

100 YEARS no parts to chafe, does

IF NEEDED odors of the body, al-

ways in place, always

comfortable, always healing, has no elastic webbing, no straps between the legs and no spring around the body. No matter what your position is, it never need changing.

YOU WORK No loss of time. Our

WHITE alone, a new idea, PATENTED

BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT, and

IT HEALS has been proven to be far

in advance of any other

appliance for the cure of ruptures.

DOES IT DO Does your truss hold

THIS you at all times?

Is your rupture week by week growing smaller?

If not, throw away that truss. Don't lose your health, perhaps you are in with such a contrivance, in fact a truss in construction and may do a positive injury. In many cases the trusses are made and sold by persons who never saw a rupture. Belts, elastic, pulleys, and in fact everything that could be made, that some kind of a pad was fastened to, was put on to sufferers as a truss.

WHAT YOU Is an appliance that holds everything

WANT CLEANLY, HEALING, COMFORTABLE.

So easy that you do not realize you are ruptured.

You ask, "Is there such an appliance?" The answer is, "Yes!" for I HAVE THAT APPLICE.

The inventor of this wonderful truss, the Rev. Jeremiah Hayden, who was chaplain of the 17th Maine Regiment, says:

THE PASTOR'S STORY "Finding myself ruptured, I sought advice of an el-

der brother who had the same trouble. He said, 'I have been ruptured for forty years, and

have spent over \$300 for trusses, and

the one I have on now is the best one I ever

had. It is a elastic strap around him with every stich of the webbing printed on his body, while the understrap that passed be-

tween his legs had chafed him so that he was red and sore. This led me to discover my truss, which is AS EASY TO WEAR AS A STOCKING, and which ended all pain, danger and cost, and never needs repairing. I want to get it into the hands of fellow men who are suffering from this dangerous and painful malady, for I know it will be worth a hundred times its cost. I am broken down with kidney and heart disease, and am in constant expectation of death (62 years old). The thought has been constantly before me: an invention which has the power to relieve so much suffering should not be buried with me. As I am not able, I want you to take measures to introduce it to the world, and if this is accomplished, I shall feel that my life has been of value to sufferers. As I have reflected upon the misery of millions without means of relief, and the short mortality of their growing worse, sure fitting, never failing remedy, simply proven and tested in my own and other cases,

store house at Kimberley are rooms in which

50,000 carats are exhibited at one time, sorted

out in piles and of all shades, deep blue, pink,

green, yellow and even dark brown. It is the

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Boers should get possession of the storehouse

or mines at Kimberley they would immediately

put upon the market a large quantity of gems

and the market value of diamonds would take

a tremendous fall.

COMFORT.

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This Magnificent Solid Gold-plated Bracelet, with your initial engraved on free. Don't send any money—just your name and address. We will send you postpaid 10 Large, handsome Stamped Doilies; different designs. Sell them to your friends at 10 cents each. Send us the \$1.00 and we will send you by return mail your handsome initialed Bracelet.

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Searching for Sufferers

YOU MAY NOT FEEL SICK

BUT ALL HANDS POINT TO THE FACT YOU ARE NOT WELL AND WHETHER YOU BE MAN OR WOMAN YOU WILL SOON TAKE ON THIS AGONIZED LOOK.

WE CAN HELP YOU.



YOU DON'T NEED MEDICINE.

But you say you feel generally miserable or suffer with a thousand and one indescribable bad feelings, both mental and physical? Among them low spirits, nervousness, weariness, lifelessness, weakness, dizziness 'feelings of fullness or bloating after eating, or sense of

"giddiness" or emptiness of stomach in morning, flesh soft and lacking firmness, headache, blurring of eyesight, specks floating before the eyes, nervous irritability, poor memory, chilliness, alternating with hot flushes, lassitude, throbbing, gurgling, or rumbling sensations in bowels, with heat and nipping pains occasionally, palpitation of heart, short breath on exertion, slow circulation of blood. Don't your hands and feet become cold and clammy, do you

HAWK AND SPIT and expectorate greenish colored matter? Is your urine scanty or high colored and does it deposit a sediment after standing? You have pain and oppression in

chest and back, pain around the loins, aching and weariness of the lower limbs, drowsiness after meals, but nervous wakefulness at night, languor in the morning and a constant feeling of dread as if



CONDUCTED BY REGULUS.



FEBRUARY looks to the LUNATION or new moon which occurs in the evening of the 30th of January, this year, at about quarter past 8 o'clock, for its trestle-board of indications of public events for the month. A figure erected to the time of that new moon shows the 17th degree of Virgo rising and the 15th degree of Gemini culminating. The conjoined luminaries are in the 5th house of the figure within a few degrees of Mars and Mercury also in the 5th house. Jupiter and Herschel are together in Sagittarius in the 3rd house close to the cusp of the 4th; Saturn stands in the 4th and Venus is close to the cusp of the 7th. Mercury ruler of the Ascending and culminating signs is ruler of the figure. He is near the place of the luna and near to Mars and the support of Jupiter and Herschel. The activity of Mars is marked. This coupled with the benevolent rays from the great benefic Jupiter and from Herschel shows that "Merchants, tradesmen, and all such as give their minds to Learning, Arts, and Sciences shall have a successful and prosperous season" during February. Mars indicates unusual activity in army movements by successes in all directions. The moon, ruler of the 11th and so near to Mars the author of strife and contention, shows wordy warfare in Congress where sharp criticisms of the Administration are indulged in, but the overwhelming force of Jupiter in his own house and Herschel the disposer of Mars, both in favorable aspect to the ruler of the figure and the conjoined luminaries, indicates the irresistible onward march of the country to its high station in its great race among the nations of the world. Trade continues to improve and the country grows more and more prosperous.

Venus so near the cusp of the 7th house indicates an increase in the marriage rates and shows marriage of some lady high in station, such as engages the attention if not adverse criticism of the public in a marked degree.

Saturn in the 4th indicates some unusually cold weather in February.

The Lunation falling in the 5th house with Mars cautions us to have extraordinary care of children for the month, for avoidance, as much as possible, of some eruptive trouble which threatens to assume the proportions of an epidemic. Falling in Aquarius it is likely to develop itself as a blood trouble and affect the heart and throat. In all eruptive troubles which visit us, whether of the nature of measles, scarlet fever, or otherwise, let parents be particularly watchful of the throats of the little ones and promptly arrest any dangerous symptoms that develop. Fortunately the benevolent influence of Jupiter intervenes to help overcome a great part of the mischief. There will be considerable increase of mortality among adults from complications of heart troubles, pleurisy, and troubles with the urinary system.

CELESTIAL CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY, 1900.

FEBRUARY. 1—Thursday. Give particular attention to the elegant pursuits and real estate matters during the early hours of this day when also dental work done; urge all transactions relative to furnishings and decoration, also architectural work and engagements; but as the noon is passed be vigilant of financial matters; live within thy means and purchase only the needful things that can not be bought under more satisfactory conditions; be sure not to have transactions with banks, government authorities or railroads or other large corporate bodies.

2—Friday. One of the excellent days of the month for the elegant occupations and polite arts, until the late afternoon hours; use the forenoon for commercial transactions pertaining to wearing apparel and all fancy and ornamental goods; the later hours are fractious and less fortunate for any important dealings when also the tongue may need a check and the mental impulses require moderation; correspondence then is likely to be unsatisfactory and estimates and accounts are more inclined to error.

3—Saturday. A superior day for the vigorous prosecution of all general business. REGULUS especially advises his friends to seize this time for crowding the principal undertakings in life. It is especially recommended for the beginning of journeys, milling operations, mental working and the extensive manufacture or purchase or sale of machinery, as particular preference should be given to all business connected with the mechanical and ingenious pursuits, also dealings with druggists, chemists, tanners and mechanics generally; buy goods for trade; open new stores, etc. If it be the anniversary of thy birthday then these suggestions apply with even greater force and thou mayst reckon with much more than the ordinary assurance upon which many prosperous weeks in the immediate future. The same may be true in great measure, of persons born about the 3rd of April, or 4th of October, of past years. Admilitary suggestions are invited for persons born about the 1st of May, 3rd of August, or 2d of November, of past years; and these persons need to be unusually discreet and patient under any kind of excitement, especially in connection with any literary work or any commercial engagements now being entered into.

4—Sunday. Thy pastor's discourse, if extemporeous, is likely on this day to contain many peculiar sentiments and many radical ideas; the aged are pleasantly disposed and the oddities and curiosities of life engage the thoughts.

5—Monday. This day is favorable in the forenoon hours for hiring or purchasing houses or lands and dealing with miners, tanners, plumbers, brickmakers, and the laboring classes particularly; the elegant pursuits are not favored in the afternoon, when social engagements prove less satisfactory than usual.

6—Tuesday. An evil forenoon, when form no hasty conclusions in business; litigation and contentions are likely to interfere seriously with the happy outcome of affairs of magnitude or importance at this time begun; be not rash in thought or act and scrutinize carefully all business enterprises now presenting themselves; do not seek promotion in public positions nor offend thine employer; be cautious in the use of the pen and do not be disappointed if thy literary labors are disappointing; the evening is peculiarly favorable for social, musical and dramatic entertainments; and the afternoon is recommended for engagements relating to the artistic and decorative in life.

7—Wednesday. Do not depend on this day and be very prudent in all thine acts; thy pecuniary transactions are more likely to result in loss than gain; hold fast the purse-strings.

8—Thursday. Affairs commenced at this time will prosper and REGULUS advises his friends to engage in the active prosecution of their several callings, but particularly those in the strictly intellectual pursuits in life; begin important work of all kind whether in mechanism, trade or the fine arts; have surgical operations performed and experiment in chemistry; let judges weigh testimony and decide important cases and lawyers take initiatory steps and urge proceedings in litigation of magnitude.

9—Friday. Defer matters of much importance in the artistic pursuits; it is a poor day to replenish thy stock of artistic, fancy, or decorative goods or to make any engagements in dramatic matters; be sure and avoid beginning anything concerned with houses or lands and do not be surprised if the afternoon baffles and disappoints thee grievously.

10—Saturday. The morning hours are adverse for the literary pursuits, but as the forenoon advances let all honorable undertakings be vigorously urged; buy goods for trade; have money transactions of conse-

quence; deal with judges, bankers, lawyers, and persons in the ecclesiastical callings.

11—Sunday. There is little of promise for this day, especially of assistance to the clergy, those connected with religion or for matters of an ecclesiastical nature.

12—Monday. Choose this day for seeking audience with the ladies or for leading thy fair one to the altar; purchase wearing apparel or goods for decoration or dress; engage with thy tailor, dressmaker or milliner and do all things requiring the exercise of special taste; let the musician and the landscape painter improve the moments of this day to their utmost; purchase goods for trade and crowd all important undertakings; literary engagements should be urged and the mind be vigorously used in forwarding all enterprises; do correspondence of moment; hire help, and travel.

13—Tuesday. The early morning hours are the best for dealing with government officers, railway officials, and superintendents of public works also for the study or investigation of uncommon subjects; the latter half of the day is evil and disappointing when thou shouldest avoid all conditions of violence or excitement, keeping a careful eye out against burns, burns and all inflammatory troubles; be not careless with firearms nor in handling inflammables.

14—Wednesday. Be not rash in word or act; travel as little as possible and have unusual care in using the pen; annoyances in correspondence and through writings will come; seek no advantage at the hands of officers, states, merchants, travelers, teachers or otherwise ingenious persons; thieves are likely to be unusually active in the 24 hours ending at noon of this day; and there are likely to be some very destructive fires in these passing days as well as some bad accidents from machinery and explosives, the passing time is peculiarly contentious and calls for patience and deliberation in thine important engagements.

15—Thursday. See that thy means do not "take to themselves wings" in the forenoon of this day; avoid the money lender and let thy purchases be governed by thine actual needs rather than for profit or money advantages.

16—Friday. The first half of this day favors the light and elegant occupations and gives success to the efforts of the musician, artist and decorator; let architectural matters engage the mind and make engagements pertaining to building houses or improvement of lands.

17—Saturday. Conditions on this day specially discourage the making of contracts about lands or houses and but little if any profit need be expected from dealings with contractors, shipwrights, plumbers, farmers, miners and generally those engaged in the dirty and laborious avocations; there are likely to be some serious accidents from poisons and suicides from poisoning will be more than ordinarily frequent in these middle days of February; the fair sex are unfavorably affected and quarrels and discord among lovers will be responsible for more than usual unhappiness just at this time; do not take this day for buying goods of an artistic or decorative character nor for inaugurating any new undertaking.

18—Sunday. One of the promising Sabbath days of the month, particularly conducive to the success of pulpit efforts; the religious discourse will be earnest and eloquent.

19—Monday. Unusual circumspection is advised in thine undertakings with the pen on this day; have extreme care if engaged in any speculative ventures; some bad losses occur in business circles and frauds and defalcations are unearthed in these passing days; do not sign any money obligation; unpleasant features in correspondence or in accounts develop at this time and care in these respects is urged.

20—Tuesday. Vigorously prosecute all business on this day, giving preference, if any, to the forenoon for buying, selling, or improving real estate; for architectural designs and labors and making engagements with the laboring classes; use the afternoon for thy literary work and for transactions with the intellectual classes; travel, study, and enter upon educational work of all kinds, provided thy nativity also favors in that direction.

21—Wednesday. Be not over-sensitive or become involved in unpleasant controversies nor have dealings with persons in the mechanical callings or manufacturing enterprises; keep a check upon thy temper and be deliberate in word and act; deal with persons of wealth and high in station in the evening.

22—Thursday. A day of very indifferent promises when thou shouldst not ask favors of superiors, persons in authority or public officers; the afternoon promises many petty annoyances and disappointments.

23—Friday. This day has but little to recommend it and the forenoon should be specially avoided for the execution of deeds or writings nor should the judgment be too implicitly relied upon unless the nativity is particularly promising of good just at this time; do not travel or concern thyself with writings pertaining to patents, copyrights, or trademarks; as the noon is passed give thy best energies to business.

24—Saturday. Conditions on this day are baffling and disappointing and matters of much moment are better deferred until a more favorable time; have no dealings with thy landlord nor with contractors, plumbers, miners, farmers, nor with any engaged in the dirty occupations.

25—Sunday. Peculiar features of religious doctrine are disclosed on this day and the middle hours are unfortunate for musical or artistic conversations or executions; avoid the fair sex and beware of unusual indulgences of the palate or appetite; the evening hours are superior for mental efforts and are recommended for literary matters.

26—Monday. The early hours are poor and indicate necessity for care of the purse, that extravagant expenditures are not made or needless losses suffered; the day after ten o'clock should be fully employed.

27—Tuesday. A very favorable day inviting travel, business activity and enterprise; buy goods for trade; speculate if thy nativity be also fairly favorable; deal with banks and persons of wealth and refinement.

28—Wednesday. Be prompt to employ the favorable conditions of this day in the pursuit of art, music, and for all elegant avocations; deal in fancy goods, purchase wearing apparel and articles of adornment and seek audience with the fair sex; look out for quarrels and be not oversensitive or too aggressive in the afternoon.

DISCOVERED BY A WOMAN.

I have discovered a positive cure for all female diseases and the piles. It never fails to cure any of the various diseases peculiar to women, such as leucorrhœa, displacements, ulceration, granulation, etc., or the piles from any cause or in either sex. I will gladly mail a box of this wonderful medicine free to every sufferer. Mrs. C. B. MILLER, Box 106, Kokomo, Ind.

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FREE**

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**TRIAL
Treatment
FREE**

Mrs. May Hawkins, L.U. 181, Grand Rapids, Mich.

A HANDBOME MUSTACHE
or the beard grows on the smooth face in 3 weeks, or money refunded. It is a permanent cure at once. Our TURKISH HAIR OIL does it. We warrant every package. Avoid dangerous hambone. Price 25 cents, 2 for 50c, by mail. Address, TREMONT MAN'G CO., 84a, BOSTON, MASS.

**My Mamma Wants to Tell You
Something**

is the title of a book that should be read by all expectant mothers; it tells how she can find relief from all the ills incident to motherhood and secure health for both mother and child, sent free by Dr. J. H. DYE MED. INSTITUTE, Buffalo, N.Y.

BE A CLAIRVOYANT. By reading minds you know friends and enemies, by reading your man life; in this way wealth, love and position is gained. Every person born into the world can be a Clairvoyant—the power lies dormant in them. Our book "Clairvoyancy Revealed," Free, also full information by addressing INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF CLAIRVOYANCY, NEVADA, MO.

CANCER IS CURABLE
Write for Free Book of
HOME TREATMENT.
No Knife, Plaster or
Gauze.

Fax. C. F. HANSON MEDICAL CO., 121 W. 43d St., New York.

COMFORT.

PERFECT MANHOOD

Prof. Jules Laborde's Marvelous French Preparation of
"CALTHOS"
For Lost Manhood.

**Full 5 Days' Treatment
SENT FREE
By Sealed Mail.**

NO C. O. D. OR DEPOSIT SCHEME

Every person who is a sufferer from nervous diseases should write the Von Mohl Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, at once, and accept their offer of a five days' trial treatment free of charge. This is no C. O. D. or DEPOSIT scheme but a liberal proposition made to unfortunate sufferers by this long-established concern, which in the largest importer of specifics for nervous and sexual diseases in the world.

The Von Mohl Co. has the sole American rights for Prof. Laborde's French preparation of "Calthos," the only remedy known to advanced medical science that will positively cure nervous debility. This remedy has for years been used as a specific in the French and German armies, and since its introduction into the United States has cured many thousands of sufferers, and the remarkable success of the remedy in Europe has been repeated in this country.

In order to place this wonderful treatment in the hands of every person who suffers the mental and physical anguish of sexual weakness, The Von Mohl Co., has decided to send a free trial treatment to all who write at once. The remedy is sent by mail in a plain package, and there is no publicity in receiving it or taking it. Accompanying the medicine there is a full treatise in plain language for you to read. Take the medicine privately with perfect safety, and a sure cure is guaranteed.

Lost vitality creeps upon men unawares. Do not deceive yourself or remain in ignorance while you are being dragged down by this insidious disease. No matter what the cause may be, whether early abuses, excesses or overwork and business cares, the results are the same—premature loss of strength and memory, emissions, impotency, varicose and

shrunken parts. This specific remedy will cure you at any stage before epilepsy results, with ensuing consumption and insanity. "Calthos" goes directly to the seat of the trouble no matter of how long standing, and the patient feels the benefit of the first day's treatment. In five days the medicines sent free will make you feel like a new man.

The Von Mohl Co. often receives the most astonishing testimonials from persons who have taken only five days' treatment. They have thousands of testimonials from those who have been permanently cured after having been given up by doctors, misled and ruined in health by disreputable medical schemers, and when they had given up their last hope for health and happiness. No sensible person will permit his name to be used for a testimonial as an admission that he had any of the diseases for which the preparation of "Calthos" is a specific cure. Some irresponsible advertisers are using "made-up" testimonials, but the Von Mohl Co. invariably declines to make public the names or correspondence of any patients who have been cured by "Calthos."

Five days' treatment will be placed in your hands free of cost, and you are earnestly urged for your own sake to send for it without delay. Write to day and send your address. It is not necessary to give embarrassing details of your symptoms. The book accompanying the five days' treatment will enable you to take the medicine in private and treat yourself successfully at home. It costs nothing to try this remedy. It may cost you a great deal more to let this offer go by. Write to day. Address THE VON MOHL CO., 935 B. CINCINNATI, OHIO. Largest Importers of Standard Preparations in the United States.

RUPTURE Sure Cure at home; at a small cost. No operation, pain, danger or detention from work. No return of Rupture. Avoid further use for Trusses. A complete radical cure to all (old or young) easy to use, thousands cured, book free (see DR. W. S. RICE, BOX C, ADAMS, N. Y.

PILES ELECTROBOLIC gives instant relief. Final cure in a few days, never return; no purge, no salve, no knife. Remedy mailed free. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 68, New York, N. Y.

OPIUM HABIT AND MORPHINE Cured at home. Trial free. No pain. Comp. Oxygen Aas, Fort Wayne, Ind.

CLAIRVOYANCE free. If sick, Send Now—your name, age, sex, lock of hair, and 2 stamps, to DR. D. HINKLY, X 10, Grand Rapids, Mich.

MORPHINE Free Trial Treatment for Morphine, Opium or other drug habit. Painless, permanent. Contains great vital principal lacking in all others. Confidential. St. Paul Association, 48 Van Buren St., Chicago.

Women Made Beautiful by VESTRO. Develops the bust 6 inches, fills all hollow places, adds grace, curves and beauty to the most softens and clears the skin. Beautiful woman everywhere ows their superb figure and matchless loveliness to VESTRO. Harmless, permanent. NEVER FAILS. Every lady should have this unrivaled developer. Adds charm and attraction to plainest women. Full particulars, photos, testimonials, etc., sealed for two cent stamp. Address AURUM MEDICINE CO., Bent A. N. 55 State St., Chicago.

A BIG OFFER 50c. MADE IN A MINUTE! If you hang up in the window, the two show bills that we send, we will give you a 50c. cert. and send in advance with samples and bills. This will trouble you about one minute, and then if you want to work on salary at \$500 or \$100 per month, let us know. We pay in advance. GIANT OXIE CO., 125 Willow St., Augusta, Me.

BLOOD POISON Absolutely cured. Never to return. A Boon to Sufferers. Acts like Magic. Trial box MAILED FREE. Address Dr. E. M. Boto, Box 978, Augusta, Me.

YOUR LIFE FORETOLD Advice on all affairs. WRITTEN PICTURES of hair and of your life. Send date of birth, sex, lock of hair, 10 cents. Prof. G. O. Ruppert, Boston.

A Complete Outfit of 44 Tools FREE GREATEST MONEY MAKER AND MONEY SAVING EVER SEEN: NEEDED IN EVERY HOUSE IN THE WORLD.

Hundreds of dollars are wasted every year in paying for what could be done by you just as well as by the person you hire. "Yes," you will say, "I could do this work if I only had the tools." You have to hire the plumber or cobbler and pay him for his time which you could do as well as he, but it is always you have to pay.

We have put together the best kit of tools for repairing what was ever seen, and we will sell the entire outfit for less than half the money for which you could buy it at any store. The outfit consists of forty-four first-class tools, as shown in the above cut.

Iron last for men's work; **I**ron last for boy's work; **I**ron last for women's work; **I**ron last for children's work; **I**ron stand for lasts; **I**shoehammer; **I**shockknife; **I**peg awl handle; **I**peg awl; **I**awl; **I**stitching awl handle; **I**sewing awl handle; **I**sewing awl; **I**leather cement; **I**bottle rubber cement; **I**burning bristles; **I**ball shoe thread; **I**ball shoe wax; **I**pk. clinch nails; 4-8 in.; **I**pk. clinch nails 5-8 in.; **I**pk. clinch nails; 6-8 in.; **I**pk. heel nails; 4-8 in.; **I</b**

NOTICE TO AGENTS.

A Profitable Business

FOR MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE
WILLING TO WORK.
\$3.00 a Day Sure.

R READER:

you are out of work, or are not satisfied with your presentness and would like to make more money, it will be to your rest to read this notice. We do not offer you a chance to a fortune without work, but we do offer you an opportunity to make money much faster than you can make it at any kind of work. The country is flooded with circulars offering to make money at the rate of from twenty to fifty a day; such offers are not business-like, and all agents mount to anything are disgusted with such circulars, and of them are thrown aside without being read. If you are looking for an opportunity to make twenty to fifty dollars a day, you might as well throw this notice aside also; but if you like to engage in a good paying business, you will do to read this notice through carefully. Then you can use your own judgment as to whether our offer is a reasonable one.

We guarantee that anyone who is willing to work can make \$3 to \$5 a day at this business. We admit that \$3 to \$5 a day is not much of an inducement when compared to the statements made by some firms, who offer all the way from \$20 to a day for selling various articles. We do not make you such swelling promises, but what we do offer you has the advantage of being true. We might offer agents a sure chance of making from \$20 to \$50 a day, but the chances are that anyone who would believe such unreasonable nonsense would not know enough to earn his board at any kind of business. That is not the kind of agents we are in quest of; we want reliable agents with common sense, who are willing to work for good pay, and not those who are looking for an opportunity to make a fortune without work. We believe the only way to get such agents and keep them, is to furnish them with a good thing to sell, a real genuine bargain, and then to tell them the exact truth about the business. We have a large number of agents at work, and we know for a certainty what working agents can make. We know that \$3 a day is the very lowest; most of our agents are averaging \$4 and \$5 a day, and often some of them make a good deal more than that. We have several agents who are clearing from \$7 to \$10 a day. But these are great workers operating in the best territory, and, of course, everyone cannot do as well, but it is easy for anyone to make, at the very least, \$3 a day above all expenses in any territory. We haven't a single working agent who is clearing, on an average, less than \$3 a day. Now, be sure that you understand us: We don't say that shifty, shiftless agents will make \$3 a day, for they can't do it at this or any other business, but what we do say is that agents who are willing to work, not too hard, but the same as they would expect to work at any other business, can easily clear \$3 a day above all expenses, in any territory, and if they have good territory to work in they can make anywhere from \$5 to \$10 a day. If you want a good chance to work and get good pay for it, you will find it to your interest to read this notice through carefully.

The articles which we have for you to sell are a line of forks, spoons, etc., made of a new metal called "Brazil Silver." We will describe this new line of goods the best we can, then you can judge for yourself whether we are offering you a good chance to make money or not.

BRAZIL SILVER.

Warranted for Twenty-five Years.

Brazil Silver is believed to be the very best metal in existence for the manufacture of forks and spoons; it has all the lustre and brilliancy of burnished coin silver, and is much harder and more durable, in fact, it is impossible to wear it out. It is absolutely indestructible. The goods made of this metal are the same all the way through, there being no plating to wear off; they will remain as good as new for any length of time. For all practical purposes in the manufacture of table ware this Brazil Silver is superior to coin silver. It is as lustrous and as pure as coin silver, and being much harder it will wear even longer than silver; in fact it is absolutely impossible to wear it out. It will wear forever. As there is no plating to wear off, the metal being the same all the way through, it stands to reason that you can't wear it out. Our confidence in the metal is so great that we guarantee it to wear twenty-five years. We give a guarantee signed by the company warranting the goods to wear and to give perfect satisfaction for twenty-five years. We are an old, strong and thoroughly established firm with ample capital to carry on our business and make our guaranty as good as the Bank of England. In selling these goods an agent can recommend them with the greatest of confidence, for they are just as represented, absolutely indestructible. And, furthermore, our guarantee warranting the goods to give satisfaction for twenty-five years, clears the agent from all responsibility in the matter; for if any article fails to give perfect satisfaction, no matter how long it has been in use, we hold ourselves ready to refund the money paid for the article. These goods are the same metal all the way through; they will never wear out. They always wear white and bright. We give a guarantee signed by the company, warranting every piece of Brazil Silver to wear twenty-five years. You can sell these goods to your best friends with perfect confidence, for every sale is as much a benefit to your customer as to yourself.

Working with goods that are warranted to wear and give satisfaction for so long a time as twenty-five years, and by a Company, too, whose capital is sufficiently large to make their guarantee good for almost any amount, is an advantage which no other firm is prepared to offer. If you think that five-dollar bills are good things to have, now is the time to get them. Never in the history of the agency business have agents had as good a chance to make money rapidly, and it is reasonably sure that they will never have another chance like it.

It is easy to make from \$3 to \$5 a day at this business.

All Marked with Initial Letters, Without any Extra Cost.

Among all classes there has always been a strong desire to have their table ware marked with their initial letter, but on account of the heavy expense of having it marked only a very few have been able to afford it. Heretofore the cost of artistically marking table ware has been even greater than the cost of the goods; now, by our new methods, we are able to offer these elegant Brazil Silver goods, all marked with any initial letter desired in the very highest style of the art, without any extra cost for marking. These Brazil Silver goods, even if unmarked, would be the greatest bargain ever offered the public in table ware, but with the additional and highly desirable feature of being all marked with beautiful and artistic initial letters, these goods are not only great bargains in table ware, but are the greatest bargains of any kind that have ever been offered to the public in any other way.

The people are always ready enough to buy what they want when it is presented to them in the form of a genuine bargain. Well, here is absolutely the greatest bargain every offered, and the agent who works with it will find that what he has is earnestly desired at nearly every house he visits; it is easy to get orders when you can offer great bargains, that the people really want and can afford.

It is easy to make from \$3 to \$5 a day at this business.

Table and Dessert Knives.

Our knives are made of the finest tempered cutlery steel and are triple plate, in other words every dozen knives is plated with 12 dwt. of pure silver and hand burnished. Our knives are of the highest grade, fully equal to Rogers' or any knives made. These knives will not wear as long as Brazil Silver goods, but they will wear as long as any knives made. We guarantee them to wear ten years in constant use. If not in constant use they will wear proportionately longer. We give a guarantee, signed by the Company, warranting the knives to wear and to give perfect satisfaction to the purchaser for ten years. As knives are usually used in families they will wear much longer, anywhere from fifteen to twenty years. They are fully equal to Rogers' knives and only cost about two-thirds as much. It may seem strange to some that we can sell so staple an article as silver plated knives at such reduced prices, but we are doing it. It is our way of giving the public good, solid value for their money. We are saving our customers about one-third of the price at which the same grade of knives are sold at the stores and jewelers. Any one who will take the trouble to compare our knives and prices with triple plate 12 dwt. knives sold at the stores and jewelers, will be convinced of the truth of our statements. We are making a profit, of course, but our unequal facilities and immense trade make it possible for us to undersell all competitors, and our customers are getting the benefit of the lowest prices known in the silverware trade. We are not only selling at greatly reduced prices, but we also guarantee every article to be exactly as represented and to give perfect satisfaction to the purchaser, or money refunded.

The First Thing to Do.

If you decide to accept the agency, the first thing to do is to send to us for the agent's case of samples, which is the most complete and perfect case of samples that has ever been prepared for the convenience of agents. Our complete and perfect case of samples is not to be compared with anything that has ever been sent to agents before. It contains the very best and most salable articles in the world. There is nothing in the market that agents can sell as fast and sell as easily and make as much money out of, as they can the goods contained in this splendid case of samples, and everything is arranged and explained so that any agent can't fail to understand just how to go to work to make a great success of the business. As soon as you receive the case of samples you are ready for business. And if you are willing to work you are just as sure to make from \$3 to \$5 a day as the sun is to rise. Take the case of samples and canvass your territory according to the directions sent with the samples, until you have taken orders for the amount of goods you are prepared to send for. Then order the goods from us and fill your orders, and so continue.

The Magnificent Case of Samples Which We Furnish to Agents.

The case of samples which we furnish to agents contains the following articles:

| | |
|---|-------------------|
| One Sample Table Knife, retail price, \$2.10 per set of six | 35 cents each |
| One Sample Dessert Knife, retail price, \$1.95 per set of six | 32 1-2 cents each |
| One Sample Table Fork, retail price, \$1.95 per set of six | 32 1-2 cents each |
| One Sample Table Spoon, retail price, \$1.95 per set of six | 32 1-2 cents each |
| One Sample Dessert Fork, retail price, \$1.80 per set of six | 30 cents each |
| One Sample Dessert Spoon, retail price, \$1.80 per set of six | 30 cents each |
| One Sample Tea Spoon, retail price, 95 cents per set of six | 15 5-6 cents each |
| One Sugar Shell | 25 cents each |
| One Butter Knife | 25 cents each |
| One Salt or Pepper Shaker | 25 cents each |
| Total retail value of Samples | \$2.83 1-3 |

We also send you with the case of samples a large and very beautiful catalogue, illustrating a full line of plated ware, such as Casters, Pickle Cruetts, Butter Dishes, Tea Sets, Napkin Rings, etc., etc., etc.

Reckoning the above samples at our lowest retail prices they amount to \$2.83 1-3. We furnish them to agents nicely put up in an elegant sample case or roll, for only \$1.00, which is \$1.83 1-3 less than they amount to at our regular retail prices. This is less than one-half of the retail value of the samples, and much less than they cost us. The sample case or roll, which the samples are put up in costs us nearly as much as we require you to send for the samples, case and all.

Wholesale Prices.

Wholesale or agents' prices and all necessary information for carrying on the business will be furnished with the Outfit. Remember we make everything plain to you about wholesale prices, methods, etc., when we send you the Outfit.

VERY IMPORTANT.

The business we are offering is straightforward and honest in every way, shape and manner. Our goods are in every respect, just as we represent them to be. The Outfit we furnish our agents is exactly as we represent it, and is always sent the same day the order is received, just as agreed. We have tried to state these facts so they could and would be believed and still we are constantly receiving letters from parties who would like to engage in the business and would do so if they felt sure we were telling the truth and would do as we agree. Many of these doubters have been cheated and are not altogether to blame for doubting; the most of them say they think we are honest, they say we talk honest, but as they have already been swindled they don't feel like risking even one dollar and so, although our business is in every respect just as represented, and we always do just as we promise, we lose the services of a great many agents and they lose the benefit they might derive from the business because they are afraid we may not be telling the truth. Now, to overcome this spirit of doubt, we have decided to send Samples to all who wish us to do so. C. O. D., with privilege of examination at the express office. It costs us from twenty-five to forty cents more to send the samples this way, as we have to pay that amount for return charges on the money, but we are willing to do it and so prove to all that are interested that the Outfit and our goods are just what

we claim. If after reading this notice you think you would like to give the business a trial, but wish to see the Sample Case before you pay the one dollar cut out the following printed form, fill it out and send it to us and we will send the Outfit to your express office prepaid, and give the express agent instructions to let you thoroughly examine the Outfit, then, if you are satisfied that we have told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and are also satisfied that you can make money selling our goods, you can pay the express agent one dollar and take the Outfit. If you are not satisfied, you can refuse to take it and the agent will return it to us. No other firm has ever made such an offer. We have adopted this plan in order to convince the most skeptical and to secure the services of all the good working agents in the United States.

(CUT OUT THE FOLLOWING FORM.)
Form to be Signed by those who wish us to send the Outfit C. O. D. with Privilege of Examination.

ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., DETROIT, MICH.:

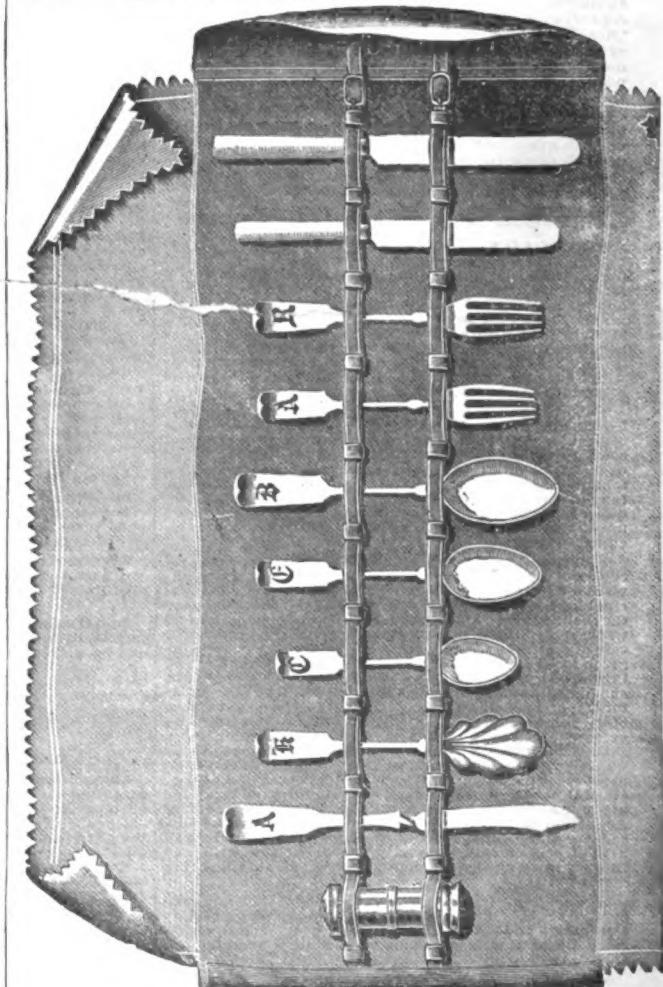
GENTLEMEN—Send the Outfit by Express, C. O. D., with privilege of examination. If I find the Outfit just as you say, I will pay the one dollar required and give the business a fair trial, but if I am not satisfied that the Outfit is as good as you recommend it to be, I shall refuse to receive it. Now, remember, the understanding is that I am not to take the Outfit unless I, myself, am satisfied that it is all right. It must all depend on my own judgment. If I am satisfied, I will take the Outfit; if I am not satisfied, I shall not take it and shall not pay the one dollar. If you want to send the Outfit with this understanding, send it along C. O. D., with privilege of examination.

Name.....

Post office.....

County..... State.....

Express Station.....



This cut shows the Sample Case or Roll, and how the samples appear put up ready for business. The Roll is made of highly finished waterproof canvas, and lined with soft flannel goods. The samples are held in place by strong straps. The whole rolls up and fastens with a leather strap which is firmly fastened to the back of the Roll. This is the most practical arrangement for carrying the samples that could be thought of. When rolled up the Case is compact and easy to carry. When open the samples show to the best possible advantage, making a good impression at first sight. This Sample Roll gives a business-like appearance; it is substantial and handsome, and invariably gives the impression that there is something valuable inside. All are anxious to see what it is you are carrying around with such care. This is of importance as it secures attention and interest at the start. There is nothing like having your samples put up in a business-like shape; it gives a favorable impression from the start, which is half the battle. It is the same in all matters. A store that looks like business attracts customers; while, from a shanty store, you would not, as a rule, expect the best things. The fact is, in the agency business, as in every other business, you must have things fixed up just right if you expect to succeed. Our Brazil Silver Goods are the best that have ever been offered for the price, or anywhere near it. The new feature of being marked with beautiful and artistic initial letters, free of cost, is the greatest popular hit of the times; and the Sample Roll is arranged so as to show the goods off to the best possible advantage. Furthermore, we carefully teach every agent just how to take advantage of all these splendid qualities and popular features. Is it any wonder that our agents succeed better than those who are working for other firms?

We Prepay all Express Charges on Everything. We pay the charges on the Outfit and on all goods ordered. Remember, we pay all express charges.

ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO.,
Box 2800, DETROIT, MICH.